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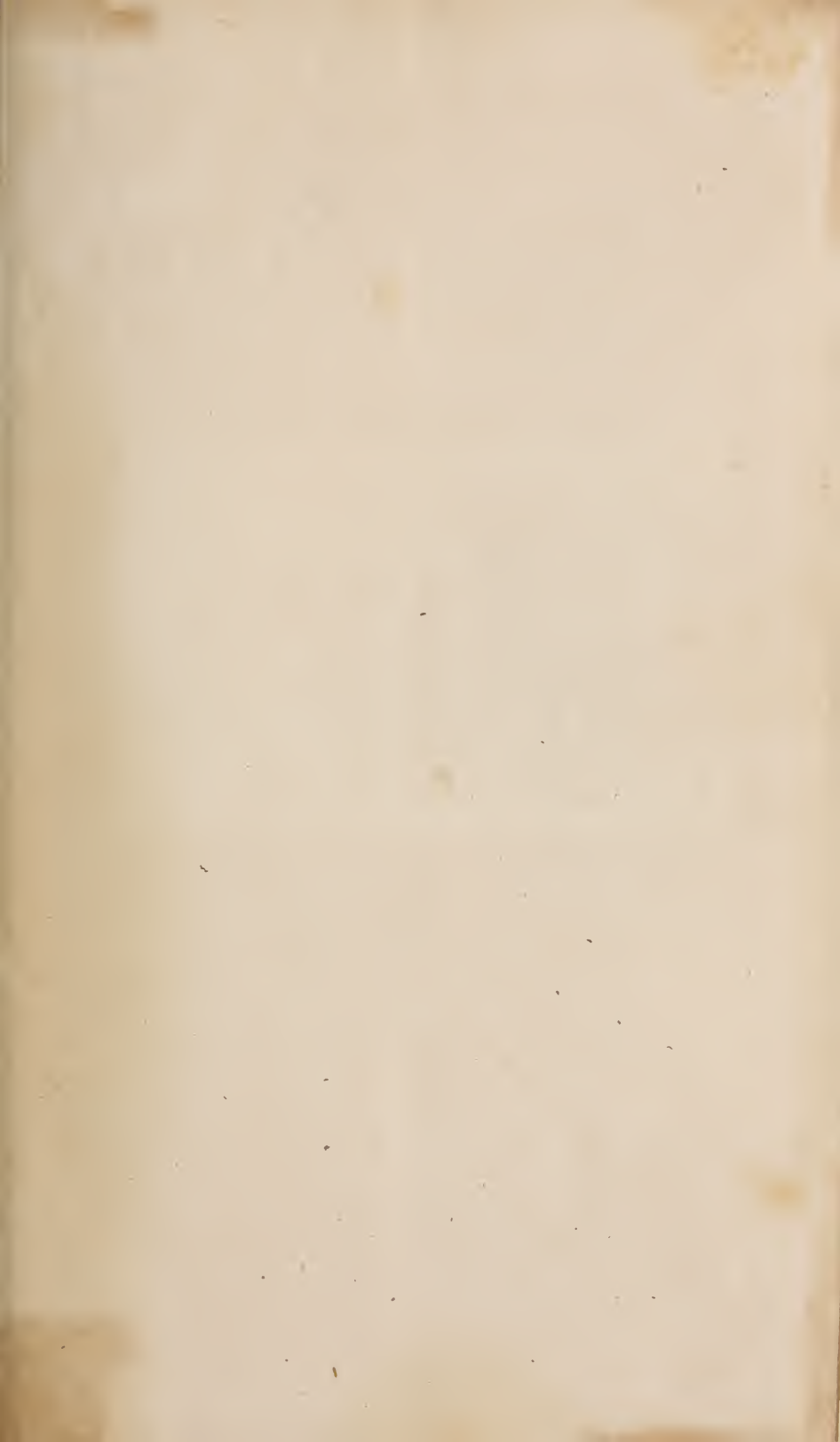
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THE

# Banner of the Covenant.

FEBRUARY, 1852.

## Practical Essays.

### PRAYER.

We live in a period when any new discovery has ceased to excite wonder. What next? is the daily question. Suppose for a moment, that some heaven-inspired genius had at length discovered a method by which the material and spiritual worlds could be united, and that the magic wires now tracking the civilized globe should be directed upward, to convey to the spirit-land the wants and woes of a sinning world: or, what is more easy to be imagined, suppose the former dispensation of angelic ministry should again open upon us, and petitions from earnest hearts should again meet a response conveyed by a celestial form, radiant in glorious beauty; would not such a vision wake up in all hearts a desire for so distinguished a favour?

There is something exceedingly beautiful in the thought, that the "man greatly beloved," could send up his petitions in the morning, and in six hours after receive an answer by a celestial messenger direct from the throne of God!—But we need no material instrumentality or angelic ministry, to carry up to the court of Heaven our sorrows and necessities. There is an invisible and mysterious power intrusted to every son and daughter of Adam, that can penetrate the heavens with greater speed and more unerring certainty.

This mighty power of mysterious energy is comprehended by every believer in the promises of the Bible. He asks not even Gabriel to announce the answer; but to every prayer that ascends from an earnest, humble soul, is found in the secret place of his own spirit, this sure reply, "*Thy prayer is heard.*"

Prayer! word of amazing significance! Let us survey it a moment. Wherever we find a true disciple of Jesus, we find a heart attuned to prayer. It is Sabbath eve. What offerings from thousands in every land! What heavings of the oppressed spirit! What thanksgivings and praise in every assembly; from every family, in every closet; from the sick and dying, the weary and the worn; from old age in its loneliness, and youth in its beauty; from childhood at its mother's knee; from the minister at the altar; prayer from the islands of the sea, from the Greenlander, the converted pagan; prayer from the ocean, the Bethel, the top-sail; prayer from the miner and the slave; prayer from the prison and the hospital!

Clouds of sweet incense have ascended this day before the throne. Every long-ing, indigent soul has received the answer,—"*Thy prayer is heard!*"

Prayer is not confined to the Sabbath. This intercourse goes on through the week; in the midnight hours, at morning, at noon, at evening. The swift messages go up! the swift answers return! "*Thy prayer is heard!*" Prayer is the breath of the church. O that she might appreciate her power! She wants no supernatural wires or glorious ministry to carry up and bring down responses. She is satisfied with this better, richer, freer method of obtaining all that she desires, and a thousand times more than imagination can conceive.—But oh, that even one of her members could reach the ultimate extent of advantage which might be secured by prayer! prayer! the simple premium for a life insurance for eternity!—Payson caught a glimpse of its unlimited power, as he stood on the threshold of life, and exclaimed, "Were I to go back again, I would pray half my time!" And who tested its efficacy in life as he did?

How silent, how unobtrusive, yet reaching away into the heavens! adapted to every condition, to every age; to every degree of mental strength or mental weak-

ness; to the highest cultivation or the lowest ignorance; a power ever at hand fitted for use! \* The mother as she sits at her cradle, or toils in penury for her daily bread, the man of busy prayer in his counting room, the youth, the maiden, all, each, may, in any spot, at any moment, breathe out a prayer that would wing its way to the court of Heaven!

Suppose the whole church of God should now send up one importunate request, that this gift of prayer and supplication be granted to all its members! What would be the result?—Suppose that you, my friend, should ask this gift for yourself: that henceforth, in all your busy moments, in all your walks, your intercourse with men, you may continually dwell in this “secret place of the Most High,” and thus bless yourself, your family, your neighbour, and the world.

**THE AGE OF MARTYRS RETURNING.**—Within the recollection of the middle-aged among us, religious persecutions by physical force used to be spoken of only as things that had been in former ages, and as what was effectually excluded by the higher civilization of the present age. But if it was true then, it is not true now that Rome has abandoned its policy of ferreting out heresy by the sword. From an ignorance of the facts in the case, it used to be assumed, that Popery had so far yielded to a better civilization, that its inquisition had become obsolete, and that it was no more to be dreaded in its applications of force to suppress Protestantism. It was regarded by many as a breach of common charity to speak of that power as being now what it had been in former ages.

Much of this arose from a misapprehension of facts, which can be misapprehended no longer. The duty of putting heretics into prison and to the sword, is now unblushingly avowed, and the world is given distinctly to understand, that wherever Popery has the power, Protestantism will be put down by the sword if need be. And in Italy the action is suited to the word. Every mail from the Continent is bringing intelligence of new instances of the persecution of Bible readers there. Men, for no crime but that of reading the Word of God, are thrown into pestilential dungeons or sent to pestilential marshes, with the design to destroy their lives, or sent to the cells of the inquisition to be heard of no more. In Spain, where the inquisition has not been since the days of Bonaparte, the power of persecuting to death has been restored to the priesthood, and no doubt for actual use. So that the apologists of Rome are now silenced. Romanism, where it has the power, is as bloody, in its designs and spirit, as at the time of the Bartholomew massacre in France, or of the massacre of the Waldenses.

In almost all Popish countries the power of the priesthood is restrained by the fear of the Protestant influence of other countries, and so the teeth of the beast are blunted, or extracted. And yet its growls plainly show what it would do if it could. Providence seems to be specially at work to introduce the Bible in Italy, and the more it is persecuted, the more it spreads. This is probably the reason why the rage of the priesthood carries it to such lengths. Fear as well as malice prompts the vigilance of Rome against the Bible. She is contending for life. The changed state of the world in regard to the intercommunion of nations, renders her former fortifications against the Bible useless. So many are coming in from all parts of the world, that the light cannot be kept out. If all other means of communication between Protestant and Popish countries could be cut off, the single chance of letters passing from exiles back to their friends, is enough to spread a vast amount of intelligence over the continent of Europe—intelligence respecting the principles and workings of Protestantism. And against this it is impossible for despots to guard. Newspapers may be interdicted, Bibles may be excluded in a measure, but the mails cannot be discontinued—letters, carrying all sorts of intelligence from free countries, are daily going over the breadth of Europe by thousands. It is the decree of Heaven,—against which the decrees of popes and kings are but breath,—that many shall run to and fro, and knowledge *shall* be increased.—*Edin. Chris. Treas.*

HINT.

If every Christian congregation were really bent upon filling its place of worship, and were not to leave it all to their minister, they would soon accomplish the object, and be astonished to see what crowds could be gathered. Yet how many of our hearers are there who will go on complaining for years that their minister does not draw a congregation to hear him, while all this time they have never attempted to bring one single individual to listen to his sermon! . What an immediate effect

would be produced, if fifty earnest persons, or even ten, were to turn out on a Sabbath afternoon, to visit the streets, alleys, and courts in the vicinity of a place of worship, with a view to bring into it the persons who, in its very shadow, are neglecting to attend the house of God, to urge them to keep holy the Sabbath, and to seek the salvation of their immortal souls. We can never denigrate a body of Christians an earnest church till it is roused to make such efforts as these; and till its members, such of them, at any rate, as have leisure, are thus exerting themselves to compel the neglecters of public worship to come in, that God's house may be full.

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THE THEATRE.

All *good* men have united in the condemnation of the theatre, and all bad men have joined in its support.

“From first to last it was an evil place,  
And now such scenes are acted there, as made | The devils blush; and from the neighbourhood,  
Angels and holy men trembling retired.”

Facts which cannot be controverted prove that it has been, and is now, a source of moral corruption. In every city of our great country the theatre has been an aceldama, and many a father has turned his weeping eyes towards it, as the spot where his child was decoyed into sin, and ruined for ever. Says Rev. Mr. East, “I called to see a mother; she was in distress. She not merely wept, but wept aloud. ‘O my child!’ and she wept again. ‘O my child is just committed to prison, and I fear he will never return to his father’s house,’ and then her tears burst forth, and with all my firmness I could not help weeping with her. I was afraid to ask the cause; I did not need, for she said, ‘O that THEATRE! He was a virtuous, kind youth, till that theatre proved his ruin!’” Nor is this a solitary case. There are mothers who are shedding like tears over like sorrow. The whole history of theatrical performances proves that there is about them a corrupting influence—a demoralizing tendency. Exciting and fascinating, they secure a large attendance, and exert a wide influence. The young are dazzled and charmed by the display, and ere they are aware, have ventured too far out upon the sea of indulgence to return. Not many months ago, I visited, at the request of a broken-hearted mother, a young man who was confined in prison. As I entered the cell and introduced myself to him, I saw shame spread over his face, and the blush overcast a countenance from which vice had not as yet removed all trace of beauty. Seating myself by his side, I commenced a kind and cheerful conversation with him. He told me that he had been in that place seven months, and had several more to remain. His heart was bowed down with sorrow as he remarked, “that during those seven months, he had heard kind words from only one person—*his mother*.” He described to me the course of crime which had made him an outcast from society. At the age of twenty-two he had a character as fair as ours. His employment was profitable, and he was doing well. But he was induced to attend the theatre. What he saw there pleased him. He went again and again. Soon his income would not support his extravagance. The nightly visit to the play-house must be abandoned, or he must have more money. He endeavoured to secure a more lucrative business, but failed. He took upon himself new duties, but the increase of his income was not proportionate to the increase of his expenses. The gaming-table presented itself, and he became a gambler. From one step to another he advanced in crime. As his heart became harder, he became bolder in sin, and at length committed the crime for which he was imprisoned. “O,” said he to me, with a tone which I never shall forget, “had I known that I should have come to this, I would have as soon jumped into the fires of hell, as gone to the theatre.” When I spoke of reformation, he shook his head, and sighed. “This country is no home for a detected thief,” he said. Upon looking round his room, I found two books; a Bible which his mother had given him, and which had no appearance of having been read, and the “Wandering Jew.” He was a melancholy spectacle of what the theatre can do, and is doing, to transform the fair characters of our young people, and change them from upright members of society to degraded, detected outcasts. One, in strong, truthful language, says, speaking of the theatre, “Here are brilliant bars to teach the young to drink; here are gay companions to undo in half an hour the scruples formed by an education of years; here is pleasure, all flushed in its gayest, boldest, most fascinating forms; and few there be who can resist its wiles; and fewer yet who can yield to them and escape ruin. If you would pervert the taste, go to the theatre. If you would imbibe false views, go to the theatre. If you would efface

as speedily as possible all qualms of conscience, go to the theatre. If you would put yourself irreconcilably against the spirit of virtue and religion, go to the theatre. If you would be infected with each particular vice in the catalogue of depravity, go to the theatre. Let parents, who wish to make their children weary of home and quiet domestic enjoyments, take them to the theatre. If it be desirable for the young to loathe industry and didactic reading, and burn for fiery excitements, and seek them by stealth, or through pilferings, if need be, then send them to the theatre."—*Young Man's Friend*.

### Romantism.

A DISMANTLED INQUISITION.—The author (writes Mr. Wylie) had once the fortune to be shown over a dismantled Inquisition,—one, too, famous in its day; and he may be permitted here to tell what fell under his own observation. In the summer of 1847 we found ourselves one fine day on the shores of the Leman. At our feet was the Rhone, pouring its abundant, but discoloured, waters into the beautiful blue lake.—The lake itself, moveless as a mirror, slept within its snow-white strand, and reflected on its placid bosom the goodly shadows of crag and mountain. Behind us, like two giants guarding the entrance to the lovely valley of the Rhone, rose the mighty Alps, the Dent de Midi and the Dent d'Oche, white with eternal snows. In front was the eastern bank of the lake, a magnificent bend, with a chord of a dozen miles, and offering to the eye rocks, vineyards, villages, and mountains, forming a gorgeous picture of commingled loveliness and grandeur. The scene was one of perfect beauty, yet there was one dismal object in it. At about a mile's distance, almost surrounded by the waters of the lake, rose the Castle of Chillon. Its heavy architecture appeared still more dark and forbidding, from the gloomy recollections which it had called up. It had been at once the palace and the Inquisition of the Dukes of Savoy, so celebrated in the persecuting annals of Rome; and here had many of the disciples of the early Reformers endured imprisonment and torture. We had an hour to spare, and resolved to pay a visit to the old Castle. We crossed the draw-bridge, and a small gratuity procured us entrance, and the services of a guide. We were first led down to Bonnard's dungeon, "deep and old."—There is here a sort of inner and outer dungeon; and in passing through the first, the light was so scant, that we had to grope our way over the uneven floor, which, like the landward wall, is formed of the living rock. Into this place had been crowded some hundreds of Jews; and we felt—for we could not be said to see—the little niche of rock on which they were seated one after one, and slaughtered for the good of the Church, which it was feared their heresy might infect. We passed on, and entered the more spacious dungeon of Bonnard. It looked not unlike a chapel, with its groined roof and central row of white pillars. The light was that of a deep twilight. We distinctly heard the ripple of the lake against the wall, which was on a level with the floor of the dungeon. At certain seasons of the year it is some feet above it. Two or three narrow slits, placed high in the wall, admitted the light, which had a greenish hue, from the reflection of the lake. This effect was rather heightened by the light breeze which kept flapping the broad leaf of some aquatic plant against the opening opposite the Martyr's Pillar. How sweet, we thought, must that ray have been to the Prior of St. Victor, and how often, during his imprisonment of six years, must his eyes have been turned towards it, as it streamed in from the waters and the mountains around his dungeon! We saw the iron ring still remaining in the pillar to which he was chained, and read on that pillar the names of Dryden and Byron, and others who had visited the place. The latter name recalled his own beautiful lines, descriptive of the place and its martyr:—

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,  
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod,  
Until his very steps have left a trace,  
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,  
By Bonnard! May none those marks efface!  
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

This dungeon had its one captive; and the image of suffering it presented stood out definitely before us. The rooms above had their thousands, and were suggestive of crowds of victims, which passed before the mind without order or identity. Of their names few remain, though the instruments on which they were



torn in pieces are still there.—Emerging from the dayless gloom of the vault, we ascended to these rooms. We entered one spacious apartment, which evidently had been the “Hall of Torture;” for there, with the rust of some centuries upon it, stood the gaunt apparatus of the Inquisition. In the middle of the room was a massy beam reaching from floor to ceiling, with a strong pulley a-top. This was the *corda*, “the queen of torments,” as it has been called.—The person who endured the *corda* had his hands tied behind his back; then a rope was attached to them, and a heavy iron weight was hung at his feet. When all was ready, the executioners suddenly hoisted him up to the ceiling by means of the rope, which passed through the pulley in the top of the beam; the arms were painfully wrenched backwards, and the weight of the body, increased by the weight attached to the feet, in most cases sufficed to tear the arms from the sockets. While thus suspended, the prisoner was sometimes whipped, or had a hot iron thrust into various parts of his body, his tormentors admonishing him all the while to speak the truth. If he refused to confess, he was suddenly let down, and received a severe jerk, which completed the dislocation. If he still refused to confess, he was remanded to his cell, had his joints set, and was brought out, as soon as able, to undergo the same torture over again. At each of the four corners of the room where the beam stood was a pulley fixed in the wall, showing that the apartment had also been fitted up for the torture of the *veglia*. The *veglia* resembled a smith’s anvil, with a spike a-top, ending in an iron die. Through the pulleys at the four corners of the room ran four ropes. These were tied to the naked arms and legs of the sufferer, and twisted so as to cut to the bone. He was lifted up, and sat down with his back-bone exactly upon the die, which, as the whole weight of the person rested upon it, wrought by degrees into the bone. The torture, which was excruciating, was to last eleven hours, if the person did not sooner confess. These are but two of the *seven tortures* by which the Church of Rome proved—what certainly she could not prove either by Scripture or reason—that transubstantiation is true. The roof beneath which these enormities were committed was plastered over by the sign of the Cross. In a small adjoining apartment we were shown a recess in the wall, with an *oubliette* or trap-door below it. In that recess, said the guide, stood an image of the Virgin. The prisoner accused of heresy was brought, and made to kneel upon the trap-door, and, in presence of the Virgin, to abjure his heresy. To prevent the possibility of apostacy, the moment he had made his confession the bolt was drawn, and the man lay a mangled corpse on the rock below. We had seen enough; and, as we recrossed the moat of the Castle of Chillon, the light seemed sweeter than ever, and we never in all our lives felt so thankful for the Reformation, which had vested us with the power of reading our Bible without having our limbs torn and our body mangled.—*Wes. Mag.*

PROCEEDINGS BEFORE THE INQUISITION AT ROME IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Rome, May, 1849.

HENRY TO EUGENE.—I promised in my last to give you some account of my imprisonment, and proceed to redeem my word.

It was on Easter Monday, the 9th of April, 1847, about nine o’clock in the evening, when two men presented themselves in my apartment. One of them, tall and strongly built, shut the door behind him, and stationed himself close to it. The other, of small stature, rather advanced in age, and with a sinister expression, advanced towards me and inquired, with a low bow, if I were the Signor Abate Enrico N——a? I replied in the affirmative. “If so,” said he of the gloomy countenance, “you will do us the favour to come along with us. Fear nothing. We are two gallant gentlemen; you shall have fair play; and the Holy Tribunal is merciful.” At the sound of the Holy Tribunal, I felt the light forsake my eyes, my knees shook—I fell back into my chair, and a cold sweat chilled my whole frame. The speaker continued; but an indistinct sound was all that reached my ears. In a few minutes I was conscious of the entrance of the Superior of the convent, who, pale and trembling, received orders from my interrogator to seal up my room, in the name of the Holy Office, to consign the seal to his care, and to become responsible to the Inquisition that nothing should be removed.

The two men, each taking me by the arm, and endeavouring to encourage me with words of pretended kindness, now led me away. As soon as we had passed the

threshold, the Superior affixed the convent seal to my door, and then delivered it up to the man who had demanded it. I was placed in a carriage to be conveyed to my destination. No sooner were we alone in the carriage, than my conductors exhibited themselves in their true colours. For the honeyed words they had employed in presence of the Superior, they substituted the grossest and most cruel insults, which it gives me so much pain to remember that I pass them by in silence. However, they roused me from my dejection; but, as I perceived I was in the custody of two vile bullies, I maintained a dignified reserve. The sound of the carriage wheels announced to me when I had reached my destination. A ferocious-looking man opened the door—one of my companions got out. I was ordered to follow, and consigned to the jailer, who, grasping my wrist in his Herculean hand, conducted me to prison.

I had hardly entered it, when a Dominican friar of athletic proportions presented himself, accompanied by a priest with pens and paper. My conductor recounted the history of my arrest, which the priest wrote down, and gave up the convent seal which had been affixed to my room. I was then stripped naked, to ascertain whether I had about my clothes or person any thing which it might concern the Inquisition to know. They took away the little money in my possession, my penknife, my shoestrings, my collar, my handkerchiefs, and, finally, my braces. These proceedings struck me as exceedingly barbarous, and I complained of them to the Dominican, who was present. He replied, with hypocritical mildness, that they would be restored to me if I conducted myself well, but that charity obliged them to deprive me of every thing that might afford the means of suicide.

During this disgusting operation, I had time to observe my prison. It was a small, square room, like a convent cell. In one corner was a bag of straw, and in another a red pitcher and a filthy basin; which, with a wooden stool and a small table fixed to the wall, formed the whole furniture of my prison.

When all was ended, the Dominican turned to the jailer and said in a solemn tone, "This prisoner is committed to you, and you must give account of him to the Holy Tribunal." The jailer made a profound obeisance; they all went out. I heard them draw the bolts after them, and remained standing alone in my prison.

I cannot tell you, dear Eugene, the tumult of thought with which that moment overwhelmed me. I only remember that a heavy hand pressed like an incubus upon my heart, and would not let me breathe freely. How long I remained in this condition I do not know, but I shall never forget the first idea which relieved me from my paroxysm of distress. It was not I that sought the Lord, but the Lord that sought me. These words of the Gospel came into my mind, that Jesus was sent to preach good tidings to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised. These words were a balm to my grief, and I fell on my knees, shed a torrent of tears, and poured out my whole heart in prayer. After this I felt relieved, and having groped for my bed of straw, threw myself down, and slept tranquilly till morning.

My prison faced the east. At an early hour a sun-beam glanced in my eyes and awakened me. How terrible is the first awakening of a prisoner. How vividly he realizes the horror of his situation—how highly he estimates the liberty he has lost! I began to walk up and down my prison, but it was only three paces long, and the continual turning and re-turning produced such giddiness of head that I was obliged to give up the attempt. I wished to open the window to breathe a little pure air, but it was too high; I could by no means reach it. So I waited impatiently for my jailer, and every quarter of an hour, of which St. Peter's clock warned me, seemed an age. Still, no sound was to be heard throughout the edifice. It struck noon, but I could perceive nothing to intimate that I was in an abode of the living. Faintness, sorrow, solitude, and hunger so worked on my imagination, that I believed I was shut up to die of famine. But soon after twelve had resounded from St. Peter's, I distinguished the jingling of keys in the corridor. I heard my door unlocked, and saw my jailer enter my cell with a basket. It was my dinner. A little wretched broth, containing about three ounces of stewed meat, in a leaden porringer, and a piece of black bread, weighing about twelve ounces, was my whole repast. Neither spoon nor fork, knife nor tumbler, plates nor table-linen was allowed. Such articles would have been luxuries unfit for the prisoners of the Inquisition. The jailer put down my provision, and saying, "You will see me again to-morrow," turned his back, and left me alone.

In this manner passed eight unspeakably weary days, during which I only saw the jailer's ferocious visage once in the twenty-four hours. On the eighth day I begged to see some of the Rev. Father Inquisitors. The jailer, relaxing into a smile, made merry at my boldness in asking for one of the Fathers. "The Fathers," said

he, "are not the prisoners' servants. When they want one of them, they send for him; but it is not for you to send for them." I then said, that my reason for making the request was to beg permission to change my prison, as I was sure I could not live if I were always to breathe so stifling an atmosphere, and that I also desired leave to help to pass my dreary days with a book. "As to a prison," replied the jailer, "it is useless to speak of it, they are all full; but as to books, I can furnish you with them, and with other conveniences, if you like."

I was at a loss to reconcile this proposal from the jailer with his savage aspect, and with what I had always heard of the severity of the Inquisition, and remained silent with surprise. The jailer, perceiving my astonishment, explained his offer. "Do not think," said he, "that we jailers are so bad as they make us out, and that the Inquisition is so cruel as busy-bodies say: the Rev. Fathers can authorize no indulgence to the prisoners that would be against the rules of the Holy Tribunal; but they put confidence in us jailers, knowing that we are honest men, and we do all we can to oblige the prisoners, within the limits of our fidelity. You have, therefore, only to give your orders, and I will bring you whatever you wish, provided you signify to the Rev. Notary that I am to be paid out of your property." At that time I restricted myself to two requests—first, that he would open my little window in the morning, and secondly, that he would supply me with some book. Accordingly, early next morning he made his appearance, with a great book under his arm, put it on my table, opened the window, and went away. I seemed to receive new life on breathing a little fresh air. I raised myself from my couch and seized the book. It was the *Book of Legends!* I could almost have thrown it aside, but for my avidity for something to beguile the idle hours. But the perusal of these apocryphal stories so aroused my indignation, that after three days I begged the jailer to change my book and get me a Bible. "A Bible!" he exclaimed, taking a step back in horror, and opening both his eyes like one possessed. "A Bible! That would be enough to bring back the devil to the Holy Office." In order to understand this expression, you must be aware that there is circulated among the turnkeys of the Inquisition, as well as among the populace of Rome, a tradition recognised and fostered by the priests, that the prisoners in the Holy Office have frequent intercourse with the Evil Spirit, who is to be seen traversing the prison corridors in a clerical form and dress; for which reason the ignorant and superstitious jailers take pains to fasten crosses and images of the saints in corridors and prisons, and to keep all heretical books at a distance, which latter, they think, would neutralize the effect of the former. Instead of the Bible, the jailer proposed to bring me some plays and romances, of which, he said, he had a library full at his disposal. I agreed for some other books of his selection, but refused the novels and plays. He then brought me *Segneri's Sermons*.

I groaned a whole month in prison without seeing any one besides the gloomy-looking jailer. One morning, on coming in, he handed me a paper; it was my bill. For having opened my window and cleaned my room a little, and allowed me to read a few books for twenty days, he charged me six scudi. I signed the account, that the Rev. Notary might pay it. This is all that money can do to mitigate the rigours of the Inquisition. Three months from the period of my imprisonment I was called to undergo my first examination, and from that moment I may date the commencement of my series of suffering. Another day I will tell you all.

Believe me, your affectionate.

HENRY.

#### SECOND LETTER.

My dear Eugene,—I groaned fifty days in that living tomb, without seeing any human countenance but the gloomy visage of my jailer, who having relieved me of the little money in my possession, heaped on me all the insults in his power. One morning, I heard my door open at an unusual hour; for the first time my cell was swept, and perfumed with laurel berries, which they burned to remove the *malaria*. Then my wooden stool was taken away, and two chairs were substituted.

The reason of these decencies was a proposed visit which was mysteriously announced to me by the jailer. You may imagine the consolation this intimation afforded me, but all my endeavours to learn whom I was to expect from the lips of my tormentor, proved fruitless. I waited with great anxiety—my mind running on a thousand different individuals—when about ten o'clock in the morning, I heard my prison door once more opened, and the jailer's spiteful voice announce the presence of the Abate Pallotta.

The Abate Pallotta is a man who enjoys a reputation for sanctity at Rome. Of small stature, slight and emaciated figure, bald-headed, and wearing a coarse cloth garment reaching to his feet, his appearance inspired the common people with veneration. He was sent to convert me. Hardly had he entered my prison when he

drew out a book, a crucifix, and a violet stole; then he produced from his sleeve a brass image of the Virgin in bas-relief. He put on the stole, laid the other things on the table, and prostrated himself in prayer before the image. In a few minutes he seated himself, and invited me to kneel before him for confession. I replied that God alone forgave sins, and I therefore confessed to him alone. On hearing this, the Abate started up in affright, and told me I was possessed by a devil, but that he would exorcise me. Those, I replied, are possessed by the Devil who barbarously persecute the innocent. If you wish to try your power of exorcism, go and do so upon the Father Inquisitors and their jailers. These words seemed to affect him like a thunderbolt. He fell on his knees, drew an iron scourge from his pocket, and setting I know not what contrivance in motion, in a moment divested his shoulders of his cassock, and began to flagellate them, meanwhile crying, "Lord, have mercy!" This proceeding discomposed me extremely. I did not know what to make of the man. I was stupefied for some instants, but it made me shudder so much to see the blood flowing down his back, that I threw myself upon him, and violently snatched the scourge out of his hands. I could have wished for Signor Pasquali, that his *sang froid* and biblical knowledge might have convinced my visitor of his religious fanaticism. But, regaining his feet; "My son," said he, "do you tremble at these few strokes of the scourge? What, then, will be the torments of hell, which are prepared for you if you continue to refuse God's offered pardon?" Then a discussion arose between us about the conditions on which God grants the pardon of sin. I will not detail it to you, but simply mention that, during the half-hour it lasted, his only replies to my quotations from the Bible were prayers to the Virgin, whose image he frequently kissed, that she might deliver me from the power of the Devil. He wanted me to kiss it, and prostrate myself before it; and on receiving an absolute refusal, again threw himself on his knees, and would have resumed the discipline, but I would not permit it, on which he left me saying, "This sort goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

The scene with this poor man disturbed me. I spent the whole day in harassing doubts and difficulties. When the jailer returned he was accompanied by a priest, who sprinkled my whole prison with holy water, and threw a quantity of it over my person—the chairs were taken away, and I was only allowed a morsel of black bread instead of my accustomed dinner, while the jailer seemed terror-struck every time he entered my prison, and neither addressed me nor answered my questions as usual. In this manner nine days passed over me. On the tenth I was called up to be examined. As they conducted me into the chamber of examination I recognised the same Dominican Father who had come into my prison on the evening of my arrival. He was seated in a large arm-chair before a table, on the left hand side of which a notary was writing; on the right there stood a great black crucifix, and a piece of pasteboard inscribed with the beginning of St. John's Gospel lay in the middle. I stood with the jailer to my left, a little behind me—till by command of the presiding Judge I had sworn on the Gospel to speak the truth, after which I was permitted to be seated on a wooden stool.

The preliminary interrogations concerning my name, surname, country, profession, &c., over, I was asked if I knew why I found myself a prisoner in the Holy Tribunal. I replied that I did not know. But it will be better and clearer to give the questions and answers in order as they were asked and replied to.

*Dominican.* Have you the least idea why you are in these prisons?—*N.* (*myself.*) Because the Jesuit Father P. threatened me with the Holy Office if I did not leave off holding conversations with some Protestants, and I take it for granted he is my accuser.—*D.* Who were the Protestants with whom you conversed?—*N.* I then mentioned the names and countries of my three friends.—*D.* What was your subject of discourse?—*N.* I repeated what I remembered of our conversations.—*D.* What are your sentiments on these subjects?—*N.* Of these I must give account alone to God. I do not think this Tribunal has any right to sit in judgment on my private opinions.—*D.* You are bound by oath to answer all my questions truly. I admonish you that you will be guilty of perjury if you do not reply to this one.

Then I perceived the trap which had been laid for me, by my being made to swear. I paused for a moment in perplexity as to the validity of a forced oath; but finally answered, "Not by fear of punishment, but by love of truth, I am impelled to reply to you. I believe all that is taught in the word of God—neither one syllable more nor one syllable less." A diabolical sneer sat on the friar's livid countenance as he pursued his interrogations.

*D.* Have you made known these opinions to any one?—*N.* To my confessor.—*D.* Who was your confessor?—*N.* The Jesuit Father M.—*D.* What did he say?—*N.* I cannot exactly remember; but I know that his answers did not convince me.—

*D.* Why did they not convince you?—*N.* Because they were not founded on the word of God.—*D.* What do you understand by the word of God?—*N.* The canonical books of the Old and New Testaments.—*D.* To how many persons have you spoken of these things?—*N.* I have already told you to none but my confessor.—*D.* Will you swear this?—*N.* I will not swear. (I remembered the entanglement of the former oath.)

The Judge then observed that he charitably warned me that to refuse an oath was a proof that I had not told the truth; besides, the Holy tribunal was in possession of the evidences of my falsehood. On which I said that I did not wish to swear any thing further, that an oath could not be administered to an accused person, that leading questions were put to me, and that if I were not asked regular questions, I would not answer at all. In fact I did not answer any further interrogations. After having uselessly endeavoured to make me do so, the Judge turned to the jailer, and said, "This man is recommended to your charity." The latter then desired me to follow him. Instead of re-conducting me to my prison, he took me to a narrow cell at the top of the edifice which is called the Chamber of trial, and has been substituted for corporeal torture. It was excessively small, situated immediately under the roof, and lighted by a centre dormer window with a southern aspect; this was guarded by iron bars, which prevented any approach either to breathe a little air, or open the glass. This prison was insupportable in the excessive heat of July. I seemed to be in a furnace. After sunset it grew if possible still more insufferable, owing to the caloric pent up within, and I then experienced all the injurious influence of the corrupt mephitic air occasioned by the intense heat and exhalations from a vessel which my jailer said he had instructions to cleanse once in three days and no oftener. Added to all this I was no longer allowed water at discretion as formerly, but once a-day was furnished with a stinted quantity which I swallowed at a draught—and which left me more thirsty than ever. I would rather have suffered the torture of the rack than this horrible protracted exposure to hunger, thirst, heat, and pestilential air. Sentiments of rage and hatred against my persecutors rose within my breast. I was even impelled to break my head against the wall, but God restrained me from such a crime. I no longer prayed—I no longer believed. The anguish I endured had sapped all my powers, and by the fourth day I was reduced to such a state of inanition, that the four walls of my prison seemed to turn around me, and I knew not where I was.

In this state I was once more conducted to the Chamber of Examination. I remember nothing that was said or done, but I know that I was examined in the condition I have described; I was then taken back to my former prison, which I thought a kingdom, and allowed my former fare.

When some days had elapsed, and I had a little recovered my strength, I received a visit from Father Theiner, of the Congregation of San Fillippo Neri. He was formerly a protestant, but has become a Romanist, and is reputed one of their best theologians. He is employed in the Inquisition to convince such as be there accused of heresy, and if he cannot do this he endeavours by means of promises or threats to extort a retraction from their lips—every instance of success being a step towards the attainment of the Cardinal's hat he so fervently desires. I allowed him to talk for some time without interrupting him; meanwhile it occurred to me to make use of a stratagem to procure a Bible. So I appeared docile, and ready to enter into discussion upon the controverted points, but said that I would like to ask the favour of a Bible, that I might refresh my memory on the disputable passages, as I thought them, and be the better prepared to listen to the explanations his Reverence might give.

Father Theiner seemed satisfied, and told me he would speak to the Father Commissioner; and, in fact, in the course of an hour, the jailer furnished me with a Latin Bible, an inkstand, a pen, and four sheets of paper. Of the latter he told me I should have to render account, and I must be careful not to destroy the least morsel.

I could hardly refrain from jumping for joy to see myself in possession of my much desired Bible, to say nothing of pen and paper. As soon as the jailer had left me, I eagerly opened it, and my eye fell upon the words, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."—(Isaiah lxi.) Immediately on reading these verses I seemed to experience the power of God fulfilling within me what I had read of. The prison no longer felt like a prison—the solitude which had so much distressed me now constituted my happiness. I fell down to thank my God—I prayed—and was comforted.

From that moment new life sprung up within me. I felt my sufferings no more.

—God was with me, and I did not fear what further man could do. To-morrow I will tell you what befell me with my Bible. Meanwhile believe me,  
 Ever yours, HENRY.

THIRD LETTER.—My dear Eugene,—I am once more with my dear friends, enjoying unmingled happiness. It would perhaps interest you to hear the account of Signor Pasquali's adventures after my imprisonment; I should like you to do so from his own lips, but that being impossible, I will attempt to tell you, as briefly as I can, all that occurred to him. No sooner were my friends apprized of my arrest, than they hastened to the convent where I lodged, and sought out my room at the very time when the Father Inquisitor, accompanied by the notary, was engaged in examining my books and papers. Signor Pasquali was desirous of going in, and asking the Inquisitor what had become of me, but this was not allowed. On the contrary, my three friends were summarily dismissed by the Superior of the Convent, who told them they were the cause of my imprisonment and my ruin. They next proceeded to the Swiss Consul, to beg him to demand that I should be set at liberty. The Swiss Consul is an excellent gentleman; he manifested much concern at my misfortune, and said he would certainly have interposed his good offices, but that he foresaw they would prove useless. Switzerland, he observed, was an insignificant power which the Court of Rome did not fear.

My friends now made use of the most strenuous endeavours to penetrate the Inquisition and see me, but all in vain.

One day, in the dusk of the evening, Signor Pasquali was walking alone in a remote street, when a man of gentlemanly appearance presented himself to his notice, saluted him politely, and mentioned that he was a great friend of the Swiss Consul's, whose house he had seen him visit, adding that the Consul had confided to him the fact of my imprisonment, that he could obtain Pasquali an interview with me, and that the present was the most opportune occasion to secure it. Signor Pasquali, incapable of deceit himself, gave easy credence to his unknown companion, and committed himself to his guidance. They both entered the palace of the Inquisition—the unknown disappeared in the apartments of the Father Commissioner, and Signor Pasquali awaited him in an ante-chamber. In a few minutes a jailer came forward, told Signor Pasquali to follow him, held open a prison door, invited him to enter, and as soon as he had done so shut it upon him. Pasquali immediately perceived the snare in which he had been entangled, but it was too late to release himself.

The same proceedings were speedily taken with him as with me on the first evening of my arrival. Meanwhile, Mr. Sweetman and Mr. Manson were in a state of great agitation on their friend's account. They went to the police, who knew nothing of him, and then to the English Consul: and as Signor Pasquali was furnished with an English passport, the Consul, who was well acquainted with the Court of Rome, immediately despatched a note to the Secretary of State, requesting him to give an account of the individual in question. The Secretary of State replied that every thing in his power should be done.—Meanwhile days and weeks passed on, and nothing more was heard of Signor Pasquali.

One day a man presented himself to Mr. Manson, saying that he had obtained tidings of Signor Pasquali, which he would faithfully disclose, and point out a certain method of saving him, provided he was well recompensed, and received a promise of absolute and perpetual silence. The gratuity demanded was 100 scudi, and Mr. Manson was required to take an oath never to make known the person of his informant. Mr. Manson promised to give the 100 scudi if he found it all true. This contented the other, who revealed his friend's place of imprisonment.

Meanwhile Signor Pasquali had undergone his first examination; and as he was a dogmatizing heretic, it was conducted with the greater solemnity. The Father Commissioner, Monsignor the Assessor, the Attorney General, two Counsellors, and a Notary, were all seated round a large table in the Judgment Hall. Signor Pasquali was brought forward, and ordered to be sworn, "The Lord has instructed us," said Pasquali, "not to swear at all. I am not accustomed to tell falsehoods, but to let my communication be yea, yea, nay, nay. God will assist me to speak the truth; but in matters of so little moment I do not swear."

The Father Commissioner then inquired to what religious sect he belonged? Signor Pasquali replied, like St. Paul, "After the way that ye call heresy I serve the God of my fathers. I believe all that is written in the Word of God: in short, I am a Christian."

The Father Commissioner continued, "However, you belong to a separate sect of the Church of Jesus Christ?"

"That is false," rejoined Signor Pasquali, "I belong to the Church of Jesus Christ, and to no sect. The Church of which, by God's mercy, I am a member, has existed from apostolic times, and has always preserved apostolic doctrine."

Then one of the Counsellors took up the subject, and began to enter into discussion with him. Pasquali's eyes glistened at the opportunity thus afforded him of proclaiming the Gospel in the congregation of the Scribes and Pharisees. "The sole, catholic, apostolic, and Roman Church," said the Counsellor, "is the pillar and ground of the truth."

"Reverend Father," interrupted Pasquali, "there St. Paul was speaking of the Church of Jesus Christ, not of the Church of Rome. I will show where he spoke of the Church of Rome. 'After my departure,' said he to the Christians of Ephesus, (Acts xx.) 'I know that *grievous wolves* shall enter in among you, not sparing the flock, speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them.'—Here the apostle speaks of you; but does so still more fully in the fourth chapter of the first Epistle to Timothy:—'Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times, some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron.' And once more, hear what is written in the second chapter of the second Epistle to the Thessalonians."

But at this point the Father Commissioner rose from his seat, and all the rest with him, exclaiming, "He is an absolute heretic; have him below!"

Pasquali was immediately conducted to a narrow subterranean prison, where the light of day never penetrated, and perhaps we were both destined to be thrown together into one of those furnaces of which I have told you.

Meanwhile Mr. Manson, at the suggestion of the Unknown, went, in company with Mr. Sweetman, to the English Consul's, and informed him of Pasquali's imprisonment. The course he had been advised to adopt was as follows:—That the English Consul should obtain audience of the Pope; speak with great resolution as though under orders from his Government, and authoritatively demand the immediate liberation of Signor Pasquali; adding, that in case of refusal, he must write that very day to Lord Palmerston. "Be assured," the Unknown had continued, "that at this juncture, Lord Palmerston's name will make the Pope tremble, but it is most essential the interview should be private, and so managed that no one else knows of it."

The Consul immediately put on his uniform and went to the Pope's palace; he entered the antechamber with an air of great solicitude, as if he was charged with most important communications, approached the Chamberlain, and demanded a formal audience, as though on the most pressing business. He obtained it, and comported himself in such a manner as to alarm the Pope, who promised to liberate Signor Pasquali. But the Consul was not satisfied; he said that the post would leave in one hour, and that he must send the positive result by that day's post, and consequently begged his Holiness to write him the order for Signor Pasquali's liberation.—"Since," he added, "your Holiness has consented to set him at liberty in the course of the day, an hour more or less must be immaterial."

The Pope then wrote the order of liberation and consigned it to the Consul, who set off with all speed to the Holy Office, presented the order and demanded that Pasquali should be immediately given up to him.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon when the two friends welcomed the Consul's return to the Consulate, accompanied by Signor Pasquali, who was so wasted by his month's imprisonment, that they would scarcely have recognised him. The Consul begged them to take something to eat, while their passports were made out for Malta, where he would forward their baggage. "You must set forth at once," said he, "or the Pope may recover from his surprise and revoke his favour." They departed, recommending me to the Consul, but he was able to do nothing for me.

My friends then visited the East, and taking advantage of the Republic, have returned to Rome on their way to England.

The conversations of Signor Pasquali, and what he had himself witnessed, had effected a great change in Mr. Manson's opinions concerning the Romish Church; but the treacherous arrest of Pasquali, continued study of the Bible, and continued discussions on religious subjects, completed his conversion.—He is still attached to the Church of England, but has entirely renounced the new Oxford doctrines. However, what principally contributed to make him regard the Romish Church as

corrupt and degenerate from its first principles, was an incident which he witnessed in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem; an incident of no uncommon occurrence, indeed, but one which a Puseyite would never have believed if he had not seen it with his own eyes. It happened as follows:—They were one day all three in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; a friar was mounted on a ladder, holding a lamp, when a Greek priest came near and overturned the ladder, thus dashing the friar to the ground, and then fled and hid himself. My friends, full of indignation at what they had witnessed, hastened to assist the groaning friar, by whose cries others of his brethren were attracted to the spot. The wounded man, cursing and swearing in Italian all the time, related what had occurred to his companions, and incited them to vengeance. The friars immediately vanished without doing any thing for their injured brother, but in the course of a minute they all re-appeared, some armed with guns, others with pistols, others with knives, and others with staves. They rushed furiously towards the spot where the Greek priest had taken refuge, and attacked a little door which had been transferred from the temple to the house where the Greek priests dwell, and a horrid massacre would have ensued in the sacred precincts themselves among the Greeks and the friars, had not an armed band of Janizaries interfered, who, by means of cuffs and blows, drove the friars back to their convent. This occurrence altogether confounded Mr. Manson, and when he became aware that such affairs took place so frequently as to scandalize the Turks themselves, and that the Ottoman Government was constrained to keep Janizaries in the church to repress the frequent disorders occasioned by the Greek priests and Franciscan friars; and, moreover, that these very friars had the reputation of *zealous missionaries* of the Romish Propaganda, he totally changed his mind as to the Church of Rome, and no longer regarded her as a *sister* Church, but as one which had deeply transgressed.

Mr. Sweetman has become the most charming person you can imagine. Signor Pasquali's arguments have entirely convinced him. Signor Pasquali is perfectly happy, surrounded as he is by those brothers in Christ, in whom he can find consolation, while we regard him as a spiritual father, and respect him as a parent.

I have quitted the Roman gentleman who received me after my deliverance, and reside with them, but I believe we shall only linger a few days longer, though we have not quite decided where I am to go. I should like to return to my native land, but Signor Pasquali wishes me to remain with him, that I may be further instructed and established in the Gospel. I do not know what will be determined, but in the interim we have made an interesting discovery, which I will explain to you in another letter.—Adieu, dear Eugene. God grant that you may speedily extend a brother's welcome to yours, for ever,—HENRY. [Ep. Rec.]

## Theological Discussions.

### THE PSALMS—FAIRBAIRN'S TYPOLOGY.

The publishers of this work are deserving of the lasting gratitude of the Christian community, for presenting it to the American public. We may remark that the two volumes contain 649 octavo pages. The paper, typography and binding are of a superior quality. The intrinsic character of the work, however, will be found to present its chief attractions to the careful readers. When the work was going through the press, in the printing office, we occasionally cast our eyes over the proof sheets, and were satisfied at that time that it was a work of no ordinary research and merit. Since, however, we have sat down to read it in the retirement of our study, our impressions of its superior excellence have been greatly increased. Indeed, there is such a chain of connexions running through it, that no one can form an adequate idea of its comprehensive, varied and erudite character, without following the author through the several stages of his investigations. In doing this, the inquiring reader, we are satisfied, will feel that he is following in the footsteps of one who is well acquainted with the ground he is traversing, and who will neither lead him into the mystic regions of an Origen, and entertain him with the fanci-



ful speculations of a Cocceius on the one hand, nor conduct him, on the other hand, through the frozen and barren tracts of a Christless philosophy. The distinguishing character of the old economy as preparatory to the new, and as embodying those principles of the divine government in providence and grace, which are clearly and fully exhibited under the present dispensation, is discussed and presented to the admiration of the reader, glowing in all the beauty and warmth of truth, and breathing the spirit of Christian piety. Our readers will recollect, that in the last number we directed their attention to certain remarks in the Biblical Repertory, the tendency and design of which undoubtedly were to excite a prejudice against the use of the Psalms of David, as having been written under a dark and shadowy economy. It is worthy of notice, however, that this author appeals to the Book of Psalms, for the purpose of showing the substantial identity of the two economies.—*Ed. of Ev. Rep.*

In pursuing this investigation, we have confined our attention to the light furnished on the subject by New Testament scripture. But very strong and important confirmation to the views now unfolded may be derived also from certain portions of the scriptures of the Old Testament. This we shall endeavour to show in regard to the prophetic writings, when we come to treat of the combination of type with prophecy. And, meanwhile, we appeal to another portion of Old Testament scripture, which yields a testimony in our favour peculiarly important and convincing—the Book of Psalms. These psalms are chiefly summaries, in a poetical and impressive form, of great truths and principles, derived from the past acts and revelations of God, by some of the most gifted members of the church, and accompanied with such pious reflections and devout breathings of soul, as the subjects naturally suggested, through God's Spirit, to their minds. In them is expressed, we may say, the very life and essence of the symbolical institutions and manifold transactions in providence, through which the members of the old covenant were instructed in the knowledge and trained to the service of the true God—and so expressed as to be most admirably fitted for forming the minds of all to right views and feelings concerning God, and enabling them to give due utterance to these in their exercises of devotion. But was this the character and design of the Book of Psalms merely to the Old Testament church? Is it not equally adapted for the suitable expression of pious feeling, for a help to devotion, for a directory of spiritual thought and holy living, to the church of the New Testament? Is there a feature in the divine character as now developed in the gospel, a spiritual principle or desire in the mind of an enlightened Christian, a becoming exercise of affection or a matter of vital experience in the divine life, of which the record is not to be found in this invaluable portion of holy writ? And how could such a book have existed among the sacred writings centuries before the Christian era, but for the fact, that the old and the new covenants, however much they may have differed in outward form, and however the transactions respectively connected with them may have been inferior in the one case to the other, yet were alike pervaded by the same great truths and principles? Thus the Book of Psalms, standing mid-way between both covenants, and serving equally to the members of each as the handmaid of a living piety, is a witness of the essential identity of their primary and fundamental ideas. There the disciple of Moses and of Christ meet as on common ground, the one taking up, as their most natural and fitting expressions of faith and hope, the hallowed words, which the other had been wont to use in their devotions ages before, and then bequeathed as a legacy to succeeding generations of believers. So intimately connected were they with the affairs and circumstances of the dispensation which was to vanish away, that they one and all took their occasion from these, and are fraught throughout with references to them; and yet so accordant are they to the better things of the dispensation that abideth, so perfectly adapted to the ways of God as exhibited in the gospel, and the spiritual life required of its professors, that they are invariably the most used and relished by those, who are most established in the grace, and most replenished with the blessing of God. It was confessedly carnal institutions, under which the holy men worshipped, who were employed by God to indite these divine songs, as it was also the transactions of an earthly and temporal life which formed the immediate ground and occasion of the sen-

timents they unfold; yet where in all scripture will the believer, who "worships in spirit and in truth," more readily go to find language for expressing his loftiest conceptions of God, for portraying his most spiritual and enlarged views of the character he is called to maintain, or breathing forth his most elevated desires and feelings after divine things! So that the Psalms may well be termed, with Augustine, "an epitome of the whole Scriptures," and a summary, not as Luther said, of the Old Testament merely, but of both Testaments together, in their grand elements of truth and outlines of history. "What is there necessary for man to know," says Hooker, "which the Psalms are not able to teach?" They are to beginners an easy and familiar introduction, a mighty augmentation of all virtue and knowledge in such as are entered before, a strong confirmation to the most perfect among others. Heroical magnanimity, exquisite justice, grave moderation, exact wisdom, repentance unfeigned, unwearied patience, the mysteries of God, the sufferings of Christ, the terrors of wrath, the comforts of grace, the works of Providence over this world, and the promised joys of that world which is to come, all good necessarily to be either known, or had, or done, this one celestial fountain yieldeth." We may, therefore, conclusively appeal to the character of this extraordinary book, as confirmatory of the general views which it has been our object to establish. It renders clear as noon-day the perfect identity of those great truths and principles, on which both economies were founded as to the institutions of worship, and the providential dealings respectively connected with them. And as we know the one to have been all arranged in preparation for the other, consequently in pre-ordained connexion with it, we thus learn what was the real nature of the resemblances, which formed the connecting link between the things of the two covenants, and how we are to explain the one as types and the other as antitypes.

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### Miscellaneous.

[For the Banner of the Covenant.]

"TEMPUS FUGIT."

That time flies is an old saying; but, like many other antiquated proverbs, the longer we live, the more truth and sense we find contained in it.

The flight of time is an old, and perhaps may be thought hackneyed, subject; but at the present time "passing events cast their shadows" not only before, but all around them, and the same voice that in the first month of a new year called the aged pilgrim and the youthful traveller, who to all appearance had only commenced the toilsome ascent of life's rugged mountain, to himself, now speaks to us in it almost appears louder tones, *to beware*, for time is flying, and to change our standing from the shifting quicksands of earth and sin, to the city which hath foundations, and to withdraw our anchor from the world and its pleasures, and fix it firmly on him who is the Rock of ages.

Time flies: so finds the votary of fashion, who, after a life spent in a whirl of worldly amusement, without a thought or care beyond the wants of the present moment, now discovers, but in the eleventh hour, a palpable truth, but which folly, if not vice, has veiled as with a most hidden secret, and covered with the darkness of midnight that which was clear as noonday; and shuddering now at the close of life's campaign, to think that this same time, so long undervalued, so long despised, was fast hastening him into the presence of God, who requires an account of his stewardship.

Time flies: so finds the Christian, who, like a gallant bark long tossed by stormy waves, at last finds the promised haven of rest at hand, and hoping soon to be removed from scenes of sorrow to those of joy, from mourning to gladness, from earth to heaven, there to be for ever with his God.

Time flies: young and old catch the fleeting moment: a few short years at most, and the best of us will be numbered with the dead. Prepare, therefore, for blessed is he, whom, when the Lord cometh, he findeth watching. Prepare in time for eternity, spending it in the service of him who loved us, and gave himself for us, and at the close of earth's weary pilgrimage, we shall throw off this "mortal coil," to be for ever with the spirits of just men made perfect, and with God our Lord.

LETTER TO THE REV. DR. CANDLISH OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, BY ONE OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES OF THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN CHRISTIAN UNION.

MY DEAR DR. CANDLISH,—I think you will agree with me in the opinion, that next to the need of an abundant and universal outpouring of the SPIRIT from on High, which the conversion of the world demands, the greatest desideratum at present is the *Regeneration of Christendom*. Let me call your attention again to this great topic, for the purpose of setting forth a little more at large the greatness as well as the importance of the subject.

The population of our globe is estimated by M. Balbi and other well informed geographers, at a thousand millions, of which Europe contains at least a fourth part, say, 250,000,000; Asia, 450,000,000; Africa, 150,000,000; America, 50,000,000, and other portions of the world, 100,000,000. Of course, this estimate is not to be deemed strictly exact, but it is enough so for our purposes. Now let us see how the question of religion is concerned in this reckoning.

The ROMAN CATHOLICS are 200,000,000, according to the statement of his Holiness, Pius IX. I find it very difficult, however, to make any thing like that number; but his Holiness ought to be well informed on this subject, inasmuch as he must be a poor shepherd who does not know with very considerable accuracy, the number of his sheep. The members of the GREEK CHURCH and other ORIENTAL CHURCHES—all similar in spirit, and nearly equal in ignorance of the true gospel, to the papal church, may be estimated at not much, if at all, short of 60,000,000. The PROTESTANTS are, I think, quite 75,000,000 in number. This makes the nominally Christian population of the world to be 335,000,000, or about ONE-THIRD PART OF THE HUMAN RACE. This statement, which is doubtless essentially accurate, shows that *relatively*,—so far as the number of its adherents is concerned—the position of Christianity in the middle of the nineteenth century is not quite so bad as some people suppose. But the view becomes more cheering, by far, when we look at its position in some other respects.

1. The Christian countries—which constitute EUROPE entire (with the doubtful exception of Turkey, in which there are in fact more Christians than Mohammedans—I speak of *nominal* Christians of course; and it is in this sense that I use the word throughout this letter, unless when qualified by some other word) and all America, with the exception of the north-western part of North America, and the middle and southern portions of South America)—contain all the superior civilization of the world. Whatever may be the civilization of Mohammedan countries, and of India and China, or any other part of the non-Christian world, no one will undertake to maintain that it is equal, or even comparable, to that of Christian lands. Where are the education, the science, the art, the good government, the wholesome laws, the wealth of the world, but in CHRISTIAN COUNTRIES? On this point there can be no comparison instituted between Christendom and the rest of the world.

2. The commerce of the world is in the hands of Christian nations, and consequently they possess all the advantages for propagating the religion of the Saviour throughout the world, which this state of things gives them.

The ships of Christian nations traverse every ocean, and their sails whiten every sea, and strait and bay. And soon the steamers of Christian nations will be seen making their foaming way on every river of the habitable globe. This state of things must be duly estimated by all who would form a correct opinion of the position, influence and prospects of Christianity in the world, at the present day.

3. The military power of the world is now in the hands of Christian nations. In this respect there has been a wonderful change within a few centuries. In the year 1415, when the Council of Constance was busy in extirpating heresy, and about the time that John Huss and Jerome of Prague were burning at the stake, the victorious Mohammed I., the powerful Padishah of the Turks, marched his troops to Salzburg, in Southern Germany; and, for aught we can see, might have marched them to Constance, and sent the holy Fathers about better business. Even in 1683, one of his successors, Mohammed IV., thundered at the gates of Vienna, and caused all Christendom to quake! At that period the Barbary States were formidable enough to enslave the commerce in the Mediterranean Sea, of the most powerful nations of Europe. And the pagan empires in India and China were quite formidable.

Very different is the present state of things.—As to Turkey, the only Mohammedan power worthy of mention, the little kingdom of Holland, with only three millions of inhabitants, has, in reality, more inherent strength, and could, in six months, sweep the Turkish commerce from the ocean. And a few English ships of war, with some fifteen or twenty thousand troops aboard, are now quite sufficient to frighten the emperor of China into the acceptance of the most unfavourable terms. What has brought about this state of things? You will agree with me in believing that Christianity has done it. The civilization which Christian nations owe to Christianity has given them that superiority in letters, in arts, in sciences, in commerce, in military affairs, which in these times forms an astonishing contrast between Christendom and the rest of the world. There are men who affect to believe that the influence of Christianity, in this respect, has been over-estimated. But they have certainly not examined the subject with care; else they would have come to a very different conclusion. Now, if *all* the portions of Christendom possessed only as much true religion as some do—for example, Great Britain and these United States—what a mighty influence it soon would exert upon the *WORLD*! What a host of Christian missionaries would annually go forth to replace those who annually fall on the field of battle, or to make new incursions into the territory of the enemy! What an influence in behalf of the truth, Russia would then send down into the very heart of Asia! How salutary would the influence of Italy and Spain be on the Mohammedans of Northern Africa! The work of converting the world would advance with accelerated rapidity, and the time would not be *very* far off when it would be proclaimed in Heaven, as well as throughout the earth, that the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our God and of his CHRIST. Is it not worth while, then, to make efforts to bring about the regeneration—the renewed evangelization of all the portions of (nominal) Christendom which need it? And cannot British and American Protestants be made to see and feel the importance of this great work—so indispensable to the speedy and complete subjugation of the world to our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST? Oh, how important is the work of home missions! How important is the home missionary work of Christendom. Is it not as incumbent on us to pray and labour for the regeneration of Christendom as to pray and labour for heathen lands? Most certainly it is.

I am your friend and brother, in the faith and service of our common  
SAVIOUR,  
R. BAIRD.

## WHY KOSSUTH MUST FAIL.

Extract from Mr. Furness' "Discourse for the Time."

The following beautiful and eloquent extract we are sure will be read with interest. The fears expressed by the author we must confess are in harmony with our own; yet along with these fears there is mingled a strong hope that the mission of this great, and we believe good man, will be greatly instrumental in advancing the cause of liberty, not only abroad, but at home. Let not the friends of the slave in our own country utter a word that would have a tendency to check in the least the outbursts of popular sympathy, with which this true-hearted patriot is every where received. It is true that he is doing his *own* work, but while thus engaged, he is indirectly advancing *theirs*. We say then to all the friends of liberty, Give him your hearty aid.—ED. OF EV. REP.

Who that has seen, who that has heard the great Hungarian exile, who has come to us, bringing his unhappy country in his heart, that does not feel his kindred to his oppressed brethren every where? I have looked full into those large sad eyes, in which one seems to look into the great deep of a nation's sorrows. I have heard that voice, coming from his inmost soul, with which he pleaded for his dear native land, and I cannot so much as try to tell you of the profound impression which he made on me. I can set no limits to the power of such a man as I have just seen and heard. It may be, (God grant it!) that it is not a mere transitory emotion of enthusiasm that he is awakening among the people of this land. It may be that the influence he is exerting is yet to penetrate the rock of our selfishness and insensibility, and call forth in full flood, like one of our own great rivers, the mighty stream of our sympathy, that shall sweep away from our land and from the earth. every vestige of oppression. Such a thing seems almost possible, when we observe how the advocates of slavery on our own soil tremble at his approach, and fear to welcome him. Most devoutly do I hope that he may exert such an influence. It is my fervent prayer. It is yours, too, brethren, I do not doubt. But I cannot resist the conviction that he must fail of achieving the object so near his heart, and for which he is spending the strength of a giant, wearing away his life, if indeed a life, so deep and so intense, capable of so much labour, can be worn away.

Yes, friends, he must fail. And happy will it be for him, great, wonderful as he is, if he comes out unscathed from the fiery and searching trial of his principles, upon which he entered the moment he stepped upon our soil. Yes, he must fail. How can it be otherwise? He must fail; not because this people are averse to the possibility of war, for they have just come out from a war waged, not to extend freedom, you know. He must fail, not because we revere the counsels of the Father of our Country. But he must fail because there is a tremendous obstacle in his way to our free, unfettered sympathy, upon which that fond hope of his, that great heart of his, the treasury of a nation's woes, must be broken at last.

When he spoke in this city the other evening, he repeated what he had said more than once before, that he had come hither resolved to interfere with no domestic concerns of ours, with none of our party questions. But there is one 'domestic concern,' one 'party question,' which, while it is, in an obvious sense, a 'domestic concern,' does, in fact, necessarily and vitally involve those rights of Hungary for which this great man pleads, and which he is considered as representing when he urges upon us the claims of his oppressed country. In reason, and in the nature of things, it is connected with him and with his great purpose.

So clearly is this so, that they who see what a monstrous wrong our 'domestic concern' is, what a world of evil it has done and is doing, have watched our illustrious guest with trembling solicitude. For his own sake they are appalled lest he should waver from a faithful application of his own cherished faith; not that they desire him to join them, but they justly expect from him, as a true man, that he should allow no shadow of doubt to rest upon his principles and his position.

For myself, I cannot help thinking, that he looks upon American slavery as a thing, which we, ourselves, are at this moment busily engaged in abolishing. He finds men eminent in office and in ability ranked on the Anti-Slavery side. He knows that they are backed by the great authority of our Declaration of Independence, and assisted by the powerful influence of the freest institutions on the face of the earth; and he naturally regards it as needless and arrogant to interfere in the affairs

of so mighty a nation—a nation so vigorous as to be able, one would think, to settle any difficulties that may lie in its way, without assistance from abroad.

But, although he has expressed his determination not to meddle with our domestic institutions, our domestic institutions threaten to meddle with him. Scarcely had he landed on our shores, when a voice was heard in our National Councils, proposing his arrest for incendiary speech; a proposal, the gross insult of which, not only to him, but to us all, was only relieved by its unutterable folly. This is not the only hint of the insolent interference in his concerns, with which the upholders of oppression on this side of the world have menaced him. He looks, I believe, upon American slavery as an affair which he, especially who helped to elevate the peasantry of his own country, knows that we have the power to settle. But, however much he may have heard about it, he does not yet know that we have not the will to settle it. He does not yet know how deep-seated it is, and how mighty and extensive its influence is in deadening our hearts, and controlling our national action. Although he is a man of profound sagacity, yet, with all the information that may have been furnished him, it can only be by degrees, and by actual observation, that his mind will win its way to a true and terrible conviction of the actual state of the case. But he will—he must see how the matter stands; and he will declare, most fervently do I trust, what he cannot help seeing. The fact must come as plain to him as noonday, that there is no one thing in which the oppressed nations of Europe have a deeper interest, than in the abolition of American slavery; because this is the one thing which prevents the full expression of our sympathy in their behalf, and neutralizes that moral aid, which, if we rendered it to the full extent of our power, would make all material aid entirely superfluous. Some of his words the other evening were very significant. Having said that he had done nothing, and would do nothing to interfere with our domestic affairs, he added that remarkable declaration:—‘I more and more perceive, in the words of Hamlet, that there are more things in heaven and earth, than *were* dreamed of in *my* philosophy.’

How could he have dreamed that a people who had made a solemn declaration of human rights before all the world, a people so lavish in the praise of liberty, were clinging with such desperation to oppression, as if it were the very life and soul of their Union and their power? No matter how much he may have been told, and he is in nothing more remarkable than the extent of his information, he has not yet known—he cannot know—it could not have entered into his generous heart to imagine, that this Domestic Institution of ours is the one thing that exerts the most marked and predominating influence on our domestic and our foreign policy. He does not see, but he must, that it is the one thing that will make his appeal to our National Government utterly in vain, and that his silence in regard to it will avail him nothing. It must become plain to him that we are ready enough to intervene when the slave power requires it for the increase and extension of its own strength. For that we are ready to go to war with our neighbours, and rob them of their territory. In that behalf our statesmen have sought to enlist the interests and sympathies of foreign nations. And that it is, whose interests will prevent us from a full and generous expression of our interest in the down-trodden of other lands. We are interfering with human rights at home, we are constitutionally bound to interfere with them, and we hold it for our advantage to do so; and we cannot intervene to prevent interference with them abroad. On this account alone, could a man of such rare power, of such wonderful eloquence, coming among us upon such a mission, fail. Yes, this favourite domestic institution, corrupting the whole administration of our government at home and abroad,—this it is that will disappoint and defeat the Hungarian patriot’s idolized hope. He has come hither, as to the very temple of Freedom, and finds coiled up under her very altar, as its guardian, the serpent of Oppression, and already its deadly hiss has rung in his surprised ear.

American slavery has much to answer for; but if it adds this to the mountain of its iniquities, if it is the cause why the hope of bleeding and fettered Europe is blasted, if it break the noble heart of Hungary’s devoted servant and chief, and more than all, if it cause him to falter in the cause of universal humanity, what tongue now silent will not join in execrating it? what heart, hitherto cold, will not consecrate itself to the work of its abolition?

The nations of the old world, degraded, trampled upon, and bleeding under the relentless feet of arbitrary power, long and pray for emancipation. The glorious vision of Liberty flits before their aching sight. They stretch out their hearts and hands to us. But the supporters of the old and oppressive forms of government sneer at our boasted universal freedom, as well they may, and point to our millions of bondsmen. They can say, with truth, that liberty does not exist here or any where as a

realized fact; that it is a chimera and an abstraction, utterly impracticable; that the people are longing for a dream that has never been and can never be fulfilled? Neither the foreign oppressor, nor the foreign oppressed, have any foundation in fact for the faith and the hope of liberty; and much I fear we should do little for the deliverance of other nations, even if, as we now stand, clinging to slavery, we were actually to intervene in their behalf. If we saw any chance of strengthening and extending our 'domestic institution,' we might in that case be ready enough to give them our help.

O how plain is it that the one thing which the world claims of us, the one thing that the great Hungarian has to ask of us, for his own people and for all Europe, is that we should prove that *Liberty without Slavery* is a practicable thing. Let this fact be realized, and the world's redemption is sure. Show mankind twenty-five millions of human beings, living together under such free and simple institutions as ours, with not a single slave among them, and then all that we need do is done, and our simple existence as a nation becomes an irresistible intervention against the violation of human rights. To induce us to do this, the Hungarian patriot may well go down on those knees which he would not bend to Emperor or Czar, and adjure us, for the love of God and man, by all the dearest hopes and interests of the human race, by the great name of the holy Jesus, to make our liberty complete, to redeem our long-violated pledge, to wipe away the blot that eclipses the sun of our Freedom, and prove, as we may, that all men are children of one Father, brethren of one household, born to the glorious liberty of the sons of the living God. If, in any way he should be the means in the hands of a gracious Providence of inducing us to do this, he will do more for us than we could do for him, though we were to place all the gold of the East, and of the West, at his disposal.

THE ISLAND CALLED PATMOS.—“We were close in with the 'isle that is called Patmos,' several hours, and I had a good opportunity of examining its appearance, so far as is possible from the sea. It is about twenty miles in circumference, and its aspect is forbidding and cheerless. The shores are in most places steep and precipitous, and from our vessel it appeared as if the inhabitants would be in constant danger of rolling down into the sea. The highest part of the island is surmounted by a monastery, dedicated to St. John, round which are built the houses of a respectable town. We could discover very few trees. The sailors were lavish in their praises of the inhabitants.

“It was with unutterable feelings I gazed upon this dreary rock. The situation of the weeping exiles was before me, who were banished from the pleasures and applauses of Imperial Rome, and were sent to inhabit this dull and dreary region, with none to converse with but sufferers in the same calamities, whose very attempt at consolation would only add still deeper sorrow. What must they have felt, and how must they have wept, when they have beheld from the houses the little speck that was to constitute their world? There was one among these exiles whose brow was calm, whose eye was bedimmed by no tear, and from whose countenance seemed to beam the serenity of a spirit in bliss. It was the beloved disciple of the Lord. The banishment of the venerable apostle was from a cause perhaps different to that of any of the exiles who had preceded him, as it was 'for the Word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.'

“Standing upon one of the eminences of the island, and turning towards the continent, St. John would be able to distinguish mountains, that might also be seen from the whole of the seven Churches in Asia; and as he had planted some of them with his own hand, and probably visited all of them, can we doubt he would often stand there, and looking towards these interesting spots, lift up his hands to Heaven and pour out his soul in prayer, that He who walked among the golden candlesticks would continue to visit them in mercy, and save them from the power of the Antichrist that was to come? It is one of those thoughts upon which the mind so much delights to dwell, that from this rock, surrounded only by other similar rocks, and looking out upon distant mountains, there should have been given an insight into futurity farther and clearer than in any other place was ever afforded unto mere man.”—*Hardy's Notices of the Holy Land.*

They live to their loss who live upon others' losses, who dwell upon the dark side of the dispensations; for every dark providence hath a bright side, wherein a godly soul may take comfort if he be not wanting to himself.—*Rev. Samuel Shaw.*

"DO GET THE BIBLE AND LOOK."—"Mother," said little Henry on a Sabbath morning, "is it right for father to go to the office to-day?" A hard question for that mother to answer. She could not express approbation of the violation of God's law even in her husband, and she could not bear to diminish her child's reverence for his parent. The mother hesitated. The child growing impatient, cried, "*Mother, do get the Bible and look.*"

It was wrong for Henry to be impatient. Perhaps it was wrong for his mother not to answer immediately; and yet I have always remembered the incident with pleasure. It showed that Henry had early learned what is "the only and sufficient rule of faith and practice."

Are you tempted to *disobey your parents*? Do your companions tell you "there is no harm in it?" Get the Bible and look for the command, "*Honour thy father and thy mother.*"

As you grow older, you will leave the examples and restraints of your father's house. Then you will be tempted to *read an irreligious book, or walk for pleasure on the Sabbath*. Conscience makes you hesitate. "There is no harm in it," repeats the tempter. Get the Bible and look; and from Moses to Malachi you will find judgments denounced against those who break the fourth commandment, and blessings promised to those who *find not their own pleasure* on the Lord's holy day.

A new temptation arises. Your companions urge you to join them in the *dancing-school* and the *ball-room*. Conscience says, "My parents would not approve." But whispers your heart, "My parents are quite too strict in such matters." You get the Bible and look, thinking there to find it coincide with your wishes. You rejoice to see Miriam the prophetess, David the psalmist, dancing; and in triumph you read Solomon's assertion that "there is a time to dance." But look *thoroughly*. Is your dancing an act of worship like that of Miriam and David? Are you sure that the time for you to dance has come? Surely not before you have given your heart to Christ and are prepared for eternity.

On a winter's evening the *theatre* opens its doors attractively to you. You are about to enter, when the question arises, What saith the Bible? "Lead us not into temptation." Strengthened by former regard to God's Word, you now turn away, feeling that it would be mockery to offer that prayer in the morning, and to visit such scenes in the evening hours.

I see you next in the *active business of life*. Circumstances occur in which a little fraud, the practice of a little deception, might make you rich. The fortune for which you are daily striving seems brought within your reach. But you hear the apostle Paul say, "Let no man go beyond and defraud his brother;" and you retain your priceless uprightness.

But it is not merely in the daily business of life that you need the guidance of the Bible. The Holy Spirit enters your heart, and alarmed and distressed, you feel yourself to be a lost sinner. "What shall I do to be saved?" you cry. Memory answers, "*Search the Scriptures*, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they *which testify of me.*" Peace fills your soul as you read of "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world."

Henceforth, guided by the Bible, may you hope for a happy life, a peaceful death, and a glorious immortality.

#### COST OF MINISTERS.

In the United States it is estimated that there are 16,692 preachers of the various Christian denominations. At an average salary of \$375 each, the cost of the whole number would be about \$6,000,000. This, according to Dr. Todd's calculation, is but about half the cost of 16,000 criminals in the prisons in the country! The heathen must pay very differently for their priests, since, at the lowest estimate, every thirtieth man among them is a priest; in many places, every twentieth, fifteenth, and even tenth man among them is a priest; for instance, in Ava, the capital of Burmah, in India.

In the different portions of the Christian church, the proportion is as follows; in the Roman Catholic church, one priest attends seventy souls; in the Greek church, there is one to one hundred and eighty; in the English Episcopal church, one to four hundred and eighty-four; in other protestant countries, an average of one to two thousand. In Mohammedan countries the proportion of the clergy to the other population is as one to one hundred and eleven. Accordingly, next to the heathen, the Roman Catholic priesthood is the most expensive of any in the world. That



in Italy, at least, it is very costly, has been lately proved by an Italian priest. By his estimate, which is probably too low, the yearly income of the clergy of the Roman catholic state church amounts to ten and a half millions of our money—a sum which is the interest of a capital of two hundred and two and a quarter millions at five per cent., and this, too, among a people of but three millions of souls. According to this proportion, we should in the United States pay sixty-three millions instead of the six above mentioned. We should remember that, the less we are taxed for preachers, the more we ought to bestow upon other Christian and philanthropic objects.

We translate the above facts from Dr. Schaff's *Kirchenfreund*.—*Ex.*

**MICRONESIA.**—Several missionaries are expected to commence a new mission among those groups of Islands in the Pacific Ocean, which are comprised under the general name of Micronesia, a term which signifies “the region of small islands.” The substance of what is known of them and of their inhabitants, is contained in the charge given to Dr. Gulic at his ordination, by Dr. Pomroy; from which the account that follows is drawn:—

Micronesia comprises several groups of islands, lying north of New Guinea and the Feejee Islands, east of Celebes and the Philippines, and south-west of the Sandwich Islands, extending through about forty degrees of longitude and twenty of latitude, almost the whole of it being north of the equator. The principal groups in this division are the Pelew, Ladrone, Caroline, Ralich and Radick Islands, Musgrave's and Kingsmill. The islands are very numerous, but not large.

The Micronesians are of the same race with their neighbours, the Polynesians, to whom the Sandwich Islanders belong, and are like them in complexion, features, physical structure, language, customs, and general characteristics. There are, however, some diversities in the different groups of the region. The more southern islands have evidently received some accessions, and some modifications of complexion and character, from the Melanesians on their southern border, while the western section has clearly been reached by influence from the Asiatic continent.

They are social and enterprising. A constant intercommunication is kept up by the inhabitants of the different groups and islands, a circumstance highly favourable to the spread of the gospel among them. In their voyages, it is said, they govern their courses by the stars with great accuracy. They divide the horizon into twenty-eight points, giving to each a name.

Their skill in some of the arts is considerable. Their canoes, which sail either way with equal facility, are covered with a varnish of native manufacture, which renders them water-tight. The girdles or sashes which they wear, are made of the filaments of the banana plant, not braided as in other parts of the Pacific, but woven in a simple loom, the shuttle being much like that in use among us.

In regard to general character, all navigators who have visited them are strikingly agreed, and testify that their most striking trait is a certain native kindness of heart, sweetness of natural temper, and an absence of harsh and violent feelings, very rarely to be found among men in the savage state. They are distinguished also from the other inhabitants of Oceania by the unusual consideration awarded to the gentler sex, as well as by the degree of purity and honesty which are said to prevail among them. They are described as intelligent, considerate, acute in reasoning, and curious to understand the meaning of any novel appearance. It is the opinion of some that they have descended to their present condition from a higher level of civilization, once enjoyed by their forefathers, and some traces of which, it is thought, are still visible. Wars are not frequent among them; and when they do engage in them, they give due notice to their enemies that they are coming.

Their religion is said to consist mainly in the worship of the spirits of their ancestors, which fact shows that at some former period they have had a connexion with eastern Asia. They pray and perform certain ceremonies, and among these offer a portion of their food to the spirits; but they have neither temples, images, nor sacrifices. It does not appear that the tuba system, which once prevailed at the Sandwich Islands, has any existence among them. It is certain there is nothing of the kind in that part of Micronesia which bears the name of Kingsmill group.

Of the probable population of Micronesia no estimate has been made by navigators, though many of the islands are said to be thickly peopled.

The result of all our researches is, that Micronesia promises to be an open and exceedingly interesting field of missionary labour. Some of the inhabitants have

heard of the changes wrought at the Hawaiian Islands, and have earnestly entreated that missionaries might be sent to them also.

This mission is to be a branch of the Sandwich Islands mission, and will be composed partly of American and partly of Hawaiian Christians, chiefly of the latter, both males and females. The Hawaiian missionaries, it is expected, will be sustained wholly by their own churches. Other missionaries who may accompany them, will derive their support from the same source, so far as may be found practicable.—*Jour. of Mis.*

**LIBERIA.**—The time was, and not many years since either, when the people of the United States were almost as weak and dependent as the people of this infant Republic, and surrounded, too, by difficulties, and called to endure hardships, arising from unhealthy locations, and savage foes, as appalling as any that have obstructed the progress of Liberia. But by an uncompromising spirit of industry, enterprise, and economy, and a determination to grapple with and overcome every obstruction in the way of liberty, wealth, and national grandeur, they have succeeded to the admiration of all, and now command the attention and respect of the civilized world. And why may not Liberia arrive at the same distinction? Her natural resources, whether of mind or matter, are assuredly equal; and we maintain that it only remains for her citizens to studiously cultivate the one, and industriously develop the other, to gain for her the same importance and standing that her elder sister now so proudly boasts. Liberians, recoil, then, before no difficulty. God is just, Heaven is still propitious; do your duty, and your advance in national glory is certain.

*The Interior.*—A few days since we had a conversation with a chief of the Pesse tribe, respecting the trade of the interior. He professed to have considerable knowledge of it, and said—what many have long known—that a few days' walk beyond Bo-poro the country is thickly settled, and the inhabitants are a trading people. The trade of that country does not find its way here, owing to the rapacious character of the people of Bo-poro. Some of our readers may remember that, at one time, gold was brought into our market, and that it was through the Bo-poro people that the trade with the rich interior ended.

Coming from beyond Bo-poro, travellers necessarily have to pass through or near it, and the chances are ten to one that they fall in with strolling parties of Bo-porians, who either rob or carry them before some of their head men, and then under some pretext, they are compelled to retrace their steps with empty hands.

The people of the wealthy interior have no intercourse with us. They carry their ivory, gold and hides, to Sierra Leone, and the Gambia. They would, comparatively speaking, have but a short distance to come, if they had an unmolested route to Liberia, to the journey they now have to make to carry on their trade.

The Bo-poro people live by plunder. They attack defenceless towns, take away every thing they can find, and make the inhabitants slaves.

*Compilation of Laws.*—We are gratified in being able to inform our fellow citizens, that H. Teage, Esq., who has been engaged in compiling the statute laws of this Republic, has nearly completed his labours, and the volume will be ready for the press in a few days. That a work so desirable may be published and given to the public in the shortest possible time, additional force has been added to the printing department of this office, and we hope in a few weeks to have the satisfaction of announcing to our readers that the volume is ready for delivery.

President Roberts received by the Liberia Packet a splendid copy of the latest edition of Webster's Dictionary; a present from the publishers, Messrs. Merriam, Springfield, Mass., U. S. The volume is a counterpart of the one presented by the same gentlemen to Queen Victoria. It is in every respect a desirable book. The English language, unquestionably, will be spoken by the millions who are to constitute the population of this Republic, and will through them be made the medium of conveying the blessings of civilization and Christianity to a large portion of this dark continent. It is, therefore, exceedingly important that the language should be preserved in its purity, and be written and spoken in accordance with the best standard.

**WHAT CAN WE DO FOR MISSIONS?**—*Every little helps.*—The falling flakes of snow soon cover the ground with a thick white carpet. The blades of grass, so small and tender by themselves, make the beautiful green sward of the summer time. The little rills hasten to the streams; the streams to the rivers; the rivers to the sea. Every star in the sky gives light; every flower makes the garden more pleasant with its lovely tints and its refreshing fragrance; every boy and girl in the world may

help to make the world more full of honest labourers. There is not any thing in the world but may lend its aid in making the world either better or worse.

A little at a time, and go on, is the true secret of success. Wise men once were ignorant; they had to learn the alphabet, and toil and toil-until they gained the wisdom which makes their names as household words.

Every body can do something. Every body can promote the cause of God. Even children can help to send to distant lands the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ. Farthings make pennies; pennies shillings; shillings pounds; and pounds will buy Bibles and pay Missionaries, and purchase ships, and hire sailors, and waft the story of love to the poor guilty heathen far away.

But children can do something more than give money. If all the children in our Sabbath schools were praying children, and all praying that idolatry might be overthrown, and gospel light be shed on all, what then? Why then the blessing of God would come down; then the sermons of the missionaries would be like seed sown on good ground; then a glorious harvest would spring up fit for the garner house of God.

The red Indian still believes, as he sees the sun go down, that it has gone to enlighten the better world; and the fire-worshipper, as that sun rises, falls down and calls it God; and as its glittering light falls on the pinnacles and minarets of Mecca, the Mahomedan worships God and the Prophet. Hindooism is still the religion of millions. It is in the nineteenth century, and heathenism is still in the world!

Help, children, help! The young are the hope of the church and the hope of the world. We obey Jesus Christ when we aid the missions, for he said: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

#### COMMON ERRORS.

I. *As to the minister.*—Error 1.—That your minister ought never to pass the door without just calling to say—"How do you do?" 2. That he is sure to miss you whenever you are absent from church, and will be wondering what has befallen you; although, in truth, he no sooner finds himself in the pulpit, than he has something else to do. 3. That if he *does* miss you, it is his duty to hasten to your door, on Monday morning, to inquire after his lost sheep. 4. That of course he must be among the first to know when you are ill; it being every body's business to mention such things to him. (*Mem.*—There is an old saying about "every body's business.") 5. That it is better to lie in bed for a week, sad and heavy at heart because your minister does not come and see you, than to send the length of the street to ask him to do so.

II. *As to the minister's wife.*—Error 1. That she is to be secretary, superintendent, inspector, adviser, *confidante*, foster mother, and female bishop. 2. That, with only a shadow of maternal care, her family is to be a miracle of order, neatness and economy.

UNCOMMON ERRORS.—1. It is a very uncommon error for persons to give beyond their circumstances, so as not to leave enough to pay their just and lawful debts. 2. It is a very uncommon error for persons to attend public worship, when (all things considered,) they would have been better at home; or to go, in spite of distance and weather, twice on the Sabbath, when they had better have contented themselves with the comfortable, heathenish practice of attending "once a day." 3. It is a very uncommon error for persons to be unnecessarily and inconveniently early at the house of God. 4. It is a very uncommon error for a people to throw a dangerous temptation to pride in the way of a minister, by giving him an exorbitant salary. 5. It is a very uncommon error for a people to *spoil* their pastor by undue kindness and respect, so that he becomes too tender to bear trouble, and vainly imagines that "he is a sort of sacred and inviolable person." 5. It is a very uncommon error for a man to think of himself less highly than he ought to think.—*Christian Treasury.*

## THE MAN WHO RIDICULED PRAYER.

In a congregation with which the writer was intimately acquainted, the pastor, at the commencement of the winter amusements, preached a sermon against dancing. Though he was a man of great prudence, and treated the subject with great kindness and delicacy, yet a young physician, who was a prominent leader in the dissipations of the place, was greatly offended, and swore that he would dance every night that week, to show his pastor that the young people were not to be influenced by his officious meddling with their concerns. In accordance with this resolution he got his young associates together, and after kneeling down and offering a *mock prayer*, to ridicule his minister, he induced them to make arrangements to spend every night of that week in the ball room. On Monday evening, the young people assembled to commence their week's dissipation, in accordance with the arrangements which had been made. Some time in the evening the doctor was sent for, to visit a sick man who lived a few miles out of the village.— Though the night was extremely cold, he started on horseback, with his silk stockings and dancing slippers on, to go and see his patient. Though he had no appearance of being intoxicated, and was perfectly acquainted with the road, yet he missed his way, and after wandering round in an untravelled path where the snow was deep, for some time, he was thrown from his horse, and the next morning was found near the road which he had left, crawling upon his hands and knees in the snow. He was taken home and medical assistance immediately called in; but his lower limbs were so badly frozen, that, after great suffering, he was obliged to have them amputated just below the knee joints. He ultimately recovered his general health, but was obliged to walk on his knees the rest of his life. When he saw that he must be reduced to this sad necessity, he remarked to some friends that he had never bowed the knee to God or man, but he should now have to humble himself in the sight of both.

I have seen him often since his recovery, going about the village in this painful posture, and could not avoid feeling that he had been left to eat of the fruit of his own doings, and was a sad monument of the impotency of man, when he sets himself against the Almighty. From the day he resolved to dance six nights in succession, to grieve his pious minister for kindly warning the youth of his charge of the dissipating tendencies of that amusement, he was for ever unable to step to the sound of the viol; and from the day on which he had impiously knelt to ridicule the prayer of his godly pastor, he had been doomed to go upon his bended knees to the close of his life.

I would never rashly interpret the providences of God, but I love to study them; and when they speak as plain a language as they did in this case, I feel that we should be belying the Lord, to say "That it was not He." His providences, like his word, are designed for our instruction and admonition, and when we see him rebuking presumptuous sins, by signally punishing them in this world, others should take warning that they fall not under the same condemnation. It is a fearful thing to disregard the monitions of those whom God has set to watch for our souls, and give us warning from him; but when, in addition to this sin, we maliciously insult the Lord's messenger, and deride the very prayers which he is daily offering up for us, we ought to expect a severer punishment than that which falls upon ordinary transgressors.—*Rev. Wm. Wisner, D. D.*

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THE VOTARIES OF PLEASURE.—The *New York Herald* has published a statement of the numbers attending places of public amusement in that city, designating the capacity of the buildings, and the amount of the receipts. The Editor states that in every instance the numbers have been obtained from

the proprietors, or their confidential employees. Sixteen places are specified, and the following results are reached:—

“Thus, then, in round numbers, there are 44,000 persons in one day attending places of public amusement, and the receipts amounting to \$21,000. This number, and the money expended, present a curious phase in the growth of our prosperity. There can be no stronger evidence that the necessaries, the comforts, and even the luxuries of life abound, when such an enormous sum is expended, in a single day, upon the amusements of the people.”

As we read the article, and glanced at the stated capacity of the parquette, dress circle, private boxes, gallery, second and third tiers, &c., of the Broadway and Bowery Theatres, furnishing accommodation for eight thousand people, we were disturbed with thoughts more sad than curious, and calculated to inspire us with fear of a future harvest, rather than any rejoicing over a present prosperity. How significant is the Scripture description of the children of disobedience: “Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.”

Twenty thousand dollars a night in one city for pleasure! Five nights per week, at this rate, exhibit an annual expenditure of \$5,200,000. The contributions for Foreign Missions by all the professing Christians of the United States, do not exceed \$500,000 per annum; so that if the *Herald's* statement is correct, more than ten times as much money is spent in a single city, for the purchase of unsatisfying worldly pleasure, than is contributed by all the Christians in the land, to fulfil the commission of their Lord, among Jews, Turks and Heathens. “Preach the gospel to every creature.” Lovers of pleasure give full proof of their devotedness to the object of their affection. Would that Christian men and Christian women might be found giving equal demonstration of supreme regard to the kingdom of their Divine Lord.

The pleasures of the ball room, the theatre, and kindred places, pall upon the taste, pollute the heart, and demoralize the life; but the pleasure which arises from doing good, from serving God and blessing man, will form a perennial spring of joy, which the changes of life, the approach of death, or the solemnities of judgment will neither disturb nor destroy.—*Ep. Rec.*

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### For the Young.

**THE WAY TO FORTUNE:** Or “*Better to work than to beg.*”—Let no poor boy, after reading the following interesting fact, ever despair of making a respectable living.

A gentleman was once walking down one of the streets of P——, when a beggar loudly craved for a “few coppers for a night’s lodging.” The gentleman looked earnestly at the poor man, and inquired, “Why do you not work? You should be ashamed of begging.”—“Oh, sir, I do not know where to get employment.”—“Nonsense!” replied the gentleman; “you can work if you will. Now listen to me. I was once a beggar like you. A gentleman gave me a crown piece, and said to me, ‘Work, and don’t beg. God helps those who help themselves.’ I at once left P——, and got out of the way of my old companions. I remembered the advice given me by my mother before she died, and I began to pray to God to keep me from sin, and to give me his help day by day. I went round to the houses in the country places, and with part of my five shillings bought old rags. These I took to the paper-mills, and sold them at a profit. I was always willing to give a fair price for the things I bought, and did not try to sell them for more than I believed they were worth. I determined to be honest, and God prospered me. My purchases and profits became larger and larger; and now I have got more than ten thousand crown pieces that I can call my own. One great thing that has contributed to my success is this—I have kept from *drink and tobacco.*”

As the gentleman spoke, he took out his purse, and drew from it a five shilling piece, and handing it to the astonished beggar, he said, "Now, you have the same chance of getting on in the world as I had. Go and work, and let me never see you begging again. If I do, I will hand you over to the police." Years passed away. The gentleman had forgotten the circumstance, until one day when travelling through P——, he entered a respectable-looking bookseller's shop, in order to purchase some books that he wanted. He had not been many minutes in conversation with the bookseller, before the latter, eagerly looking into the face of his customer, inquired, "Sir, are you not the gentleman, who, several years ago, gave a five shilling piece to a poor beggar, at the end of this street?"—"Yes, I remember it all."—"Then, sir, this house, this well-stocked shop, is the fruit of that five-shilling piece." Tears of gratitude trickled down his cheeks, as he introduced the gentleman to his happy wife and children. He was regarded as their benefactor: When gathered round the table to partake of a cup of tea, the bookseller recounted his history from the above eventful day. It was very similar to that of the welcome visitor. By industry, honesty, and dependence upon God's help, he had risen step by step, from buying rags, to selling papers and tracts in the street, then to keeping an old book-shop, and ultimately to be the owner of one of the best circulating libraries in the place. Before the happy party separated, the large old family Bible was brought out, and a psalm of thanksgiving was read, and then all bent around the family altar. Words could not express the feelings of those who formed that group. For some moments, silence, intermingled with subdued sobs, evidenced the gratitude to the Almighty Disposer of all events, which was ascending to heaven. When they rose and bade each other farewell, the bookseller said, "Thank God, I have found your words to be true. 'God helps those who help themselves.' 'It is better to work than to beg.'"

**CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.**—Robert Green and Harry Blake and Edward Wilkins are three of the most cruel boys in our village. What do you think they did the other evening? They found a toad in the street, and took fire-crackers, and lighted them, and put them on its back. Some boys that stood by begged them to stop, and tried to kill the poor creature, and thus put an end to its sufferings; but these three boys were larger and stronger, and would have their own way.

Just above our house there is a sand-bank, where the swallows make their holes and build their nests. These boys delight to catch a poor swallow, and tie a string to his leg and let him fly. When he reaches his hole and thinks he has got safe to his little ones, they drag him out again and torment him till he dies. They delight to stop up the swallows' holes, and to rob the poor birds of their young.

The sufferings of these little creatures are not noticed by God, who watches every sparrow as it falls to the ground. He sees these boys wherever they go, or whatever they do; and for this wickedness and cruelty they must repent in this world, or endure in another, far more suffering than all they have inflicted upon helpless animals, and must suffer it for all eternity.

Sometimes suffering seems to be sent in this life on those who sin. God does not always punish sin by suffering here; but we see cases that look like it. I knew a boy who was cruel to animals. He delighted to torment them, and witness their sufferings. One day he had a great many fire-crackers in his pocket, with some loose matches; somehow, as he was playing about, some of these matches became lighted, and set fire to the crackers, which exploded and burnt deeply into his side. For months he lay groaning upon his bed, a dreadful sufferer. People call this a sad *accident*; but my children, nothing is *accidental*. Every thing that happens is ordered by God for some good and wise purpose. Perhaps he meant to teach this boy how it felt to have his flesh burned; and I should think the boy could hardly help reflecting upon the suffering he had caused, and would determine to do so no more.

These boys do not become so cruel all at once. They become so gradually, and after awhile they will delight in doing things which they would once have thought horrible.

A great many years ago, there was a little boy who used to delight to catch flies, and pull off their legs and wings, and loved to watch their struggles and sufferings. I suppose, as he grew older, he liked to torment other and larger animals. He was gradually *hardening his heart* to suffering and pain. When this boy grew up, he was the Roman emperor Nero. There were Christians then in Rome, who were not afraid to say they believed Christ was God, and that what he taught was the truth; and that they would worship him, and would not worship the gods which the Romans worshipped. And this wicked emperor Nero delighted to persecute these poor Christians, and to sit near and witness their horrible sufferings. He had them fastened to horses and torn apart, tossed and mangled by wild beasts, burned at the stake; he devised all manner of ways of torturing them and killing them by slow and lingering deaths. He even had men and women covered with pitch and oil, and placed around his garden to *burn as torches* when he gave great entertainments. Does it not make you sick to hear of cruelty like this? And yet I should not wonder, if those who are cruel to animals when they are boys, should be cruel to their fellow-men when they grow up, if they have the power.

Try to cultivate tender and kind feelings towards every living thing. Remember that God made them all; and that while he permits us to destroy such as are injurious to our life, peace, or property, he will not look without anger upon wanton suffering inflicted upon any of his creatures. Accustom yourselves to watch the habits of animals and insects, and to notice the wonderful power of instinct which God has given them, and you will become so interested in them that you would not needlessly harm the smallest of them.

That ant-hill you might pass carelessly by, and destroy with one touch of your foot all the labour of those busy little workers; but if you stop and notice them, and see how they all work together, some bringing out the grains of sand, some dragging a load much larger than themselves as food for their young ones, some hurrying out to help a tired one whose load is more than he can drag up the little hill, you would become interested in them, and feel as if you wanted to protect their abode from the careless foot of the passer by. The Bible tells us to go to these little creatures to gain lessons of wisdom and industry; and many of the teachings of that holy book are drawn from the habits of animals, birds, and insects. Again I say, cultivate carefully kind, tender feelings towards every thing which God has made; and you will be happier and more beloved, and will receive the blessing which cometh upon "the merciful."—*Edinb. Chris. Trea.*

## Poetry.

### LINES TO A MISSIONARY.

I marked a child—a pretty child,  
A gentle, blue-eyed thing.  
She sowed the scented mignonette  
One sunny day in spring—  
And while the tiny grains she sowed,  
The stream of thought thus sweetly flowed:

"On this dear bed the dew shall fall,  
And yon bright sun shall shine,  
'Twill spring and grow, and blossom then,  
And it will all be mine!"  
And the fair being laughed in childish glee  
To think what a harvest hers should be.

I saw a man an acorn plant  
Upon the hill-side bare,  
No spreading branch, no shading rock,  
Lent friendly shelter there;  
And thus—as o'er the spot he bowed,  
I heard him—for he thought aloud:

We understand (says the "Armagh, Ireland, Guardian,") the preceding beautiful lines are from the pen of the Rev. J. Hall, of Camlin, Boyle, who preached in this city on the last two Sabbaths. and was heard with delight by large and respectable congregations. Mr. Hall is an eloquent young man, of fine literary parts, and is likely to succeed the late Mr. Fleming in the pastoral office.

Our readers have been favoured with several interesting communications from Mr. Hall, with the signature of J. H. We are happy to learn that Mr. H. has accepted the call from the Presbyterian church in Armagh, where we hope his labours will be greatly blessed.

"Frail thing! ere glossy leaf shall grace  
Thy wide and sturdy bough,  
I may be laid amid the dead,  
As low as thou art now—  
Yet wilt thou rise in rugged strength,  
And crown this barren height at length."

Each had a hope—the childish heart  
Looked to a summer's joy;  
The manly thought—strong and mature—  
Looks to futurity.  
Each trusts to nature's genial power,  
HE wants a forest—SHE, a flower.

Who sows the seed of heavenly truth,  
And doubts Almighty power?  
Will years less surely bring the oak,  
Than months the summer flower?  
Then sow, although no fruit you see,  
God, "in due time," will raise the tree.

## Foreign Missions.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM REV. J. S. WOODSIDE.

"Mission Retreat," Landour, Sept. 4th, 1851.

MY DEAR MR. STUART:—We get very good accounts from Saharanpur. The vernacular school was never so large before as it is at the present time, and brother Campbell tells me that he was very much encouraged to labour in it during the hottest of the season. Two young men from the village Pahassu, are living on the mission compound; and they attend church and all the other religious exercises, the same as if they were Christians.

By recent Calcutta papers we receive very cheering intelligence from that quarter. It seems a great work of grace is going on among the schools of that city. Twelve young men have lately been baptized. Five others are expected soon to follow, and it is not known how many are earnestly inquiring their way Zionward. What is peculiar in the above cases is, that they are all of the upper classes of native society: men of a *first rate education*. One is a man of large property. All of them have made very great sacrifices for the truth's sake. The movement has excited so much attention among the natives, that the greatest opposition to missions is determined upon. And what is most interesting of all, at a large meeting of the most influential men in Calcutta, it was resolved, "That if a Hindu forfeits the privileges of his caste and religion by partaking of forbidden food, and frequenting places and observing practices in contravention of the injunctions of the Shastres, knowingly and deliberately, and if he afterwards express his contrition, and prays to be restored to his privileges, he is entitled to perform the ceremony of ablution, and thereby procure redemption." In other words, a man who becomes a Christian may, by forfeiting a slight penalty, be restored to the bosom of his Hindu family and friends. It is not difficult to foresee the effects of this measure if it become universal. Their object is to win back the converts, but the contrary will be the effect. Very many who now only dread the loss of caste, will be induced to come over, knowing that they can return if they find the new religion will not suit. Can we not see in this movement the last efforts of this deluded people to keep together a system which is gradually but surely crumbling under the pressure of the stone cut out without hands? Yes, soon shall the mountain of Hinduism become a plain before the conquering tread of our New Testament Zerubbabel. "Who hath despised the day of small things?" Can we not rejoice when we see "the plummet in the hand of Zerubbabel?" Let not the friends of Christ at home be discouraged. The progress of the gospel cannot be impeded. It must go on and prosper. Let us only do our duty, and wait God's time for manifesting the result of his own promises. I hope there is some young man getting ready to come out here next summer. We have plenty of labour for all we can get, and I trust we may soon have four men and two stations.

Yours in gospel bonds,      JOHN S. WOODSIDE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM REV. J. R. CAMPBELL.

Mission House, Saharanpur, Oct. 31, 1851.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER:—I wrote you last from Landour, on the 5th of September. On the 18th of that month, in company with Brother



Woodside, I started on an itineracy in the interior of the mountains, partly with the design of restoring health, and partly for the object of preaching the gospel where no missionary had before gone. We returned after an absence of five weeks, having travelled more than three hundred miles, over roads, or rather footpaths, many parts of which at first sight seemed impassable. The result has been, that our health has been greatly improved by the journey in so bracing a climate, and we had some excellent opportunities of preaching to the people, and distributing Scriptures and tracts, where the gospel had not before been carried. The last five marches, the mountain tops around us, more than 20,000 feet in height, were covered with eternal snows, and we penetrated almost to the source of the Ganges, about twenty-five miles beyond the habitation of man, and bordering on Thibet and China. A description of the scenery it would be vain to attempt. I have notes of the journey, and may send you some, as soon as leisure may allow me to write them out, for the Banner. At present I know not what to do first, as so much business has accumulated during my absence. The annual meeting of the mission will be convened here shortly, and all my accounts, as Treasurer, must be in readiness. We have also to write our report, and to do many things of pressing importance.

The cold weather is now commencing, and I am happy to say we are alive and well. The station this year has been, I think, more healthy than almost any other in the upper provinces. Lahor and Lodiana, on the contrary, have been very sickly. We have, therefore, great cause of thankfulness. Our missionary work, also, has been going on very well. The city native school has nearly 100 names on the roll, and between 70 and 80 in daily attendance. We hope it will now increase during the cold weather. The English school has been small during the summer, but it will now fill up, as Mr. Woodside has returned, and will give it his special attention. The orphan school is doing well. The boys all conduct themselves to our satisfaction, and some seriousness appears among them occasionally. We hope soon to establish a school and regular place of preaching in the village of Pahassu, where the people are anxious for instruction. Mrs. Campbell hopes to come down next week, and then our mission will have again assumed its usual appearance. We feel encouraged to go on in the great work. \* \* \* \*

Ever yours, J. R. CAMPBELL.

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EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM REV. J. R. CAMPBELL.

Saharanpur, Dec. 6, 1851.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—Aware that every thing regarding the progress of the gospel in India is interesting to yourself and the readers of the Banner of the Covenant, I am now happy to be able to furnish you with some statistics, on which the utmost reliance may be placed, regarding the progress of the missionary work in Hindostan and Ceylon. At the close of 1850, some fifty years after modern missions had begun to spread the gospel in India, and some thirty years after missionary efforts had been carried on with considerable efficiency, it was thought proper to collect such facts from all the missionary stations as would present to the Christian world an exact view of the progress and present condition of missionary operations in this interesting part of the heathen world. The following is the substance of the tabular view on this sub-

ject, lately published in the Calcutta Christian Observer, and I have no doubt it will agreeably surprise many of those who have been supposing that but little has been effected by missionaries in India, and that after all the modern missionary enterprise has been almost a complete failure. I confess the result is far beyond what I myself anticipated, and now I feel more than ever disposed to thank God, and to take courage to go on in the glorious cause.

Here then are the facts. "The stations at which the gospel is preached in India and Ceylon, are 260 in number; and engage the services of 403 missionaries, belonging to 22 missionary societies. Of these missionaries 22 are ordained natives. Assisted by 651 native preachers, they proclaim the word of God in the bazaars and markets, not only at their several stations, but in the districts around them. They have thus spread far and wide the doctrines of Christianity, and have made a considerable impression even upon the unconverted population. They have founded 309 native churches, containing 17,356 members or communicants, of whom 5000 were admitted on the evidence of their being converted. These church members form the nucleus of a native Christian community, comprising 103,000 individuals, who regularly enjoy the blessings of Bible instructions, both for young and old. The efforts of missionaries in the course of education are now directed to 1345 day schools, in which 83,700 boys are instructed through the medium of their own vernacular languages, to 73 boarding schools, containing 1992 boys, chiefly Christians, who reside upon the missionaries' premises, and are trained up under their eye, and to 138 day schools, with 14,000 boys and students, receiving a sound scriptural education through the medium of the English language. Their efforts in *female* education embrace 354 day schools, with 11,500 girls, and 91 boarding schools, with 2450 girls, taught almost exclusively in the vernacular languages. The Bible has been wholly translated into 10 languages, and the New Testament into *five* others, not reckoning the Serampore versions. In these two languages also, a considerable Christian literature has been produced, and also a large number of tracts and books, suitable for distribution among the Hindoo and Musulman population. Missionaries have also established, and now maintain, 25 printing establishments. While preaching the gospel regularly in the numerous tongues of India, missionaries maintain *English services* in 59 churches and chapels for the edification of themselves and families, and the English residents in the country. The total cost of this vast missionary agency during the past year, amounted to 187,000*l.* of which 33,500*l.* equal to 335,000 rupees, were contributed in India, not by the native Christian community, who are generally poor, but by the European residents."

Let this statement be laid before the Christian world, and then, remembering the immense difficulties that have lain in the way from languages, climate, caste, prejudices, &c., let the Christian Church say, if the gospel has not been successful in India, and if all their Christian churches and schools, and Bibles, and tracts, and Christian books, prepared in so many languages, are not worth all the life and treasure that have been expended in this blessed cause? Surely the work is the Lord's, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Now that such a prosperous beginning has been made, and the field is all open, let the Church arise, and in the strength of her glorious Head, come up at once and possess the land. She is well able to

possess it, and if she faints or falters, she must expect the frown of the Captain of the Lord's host.

As ever, dear brother, yours,  
J. R. CAMPBELL.

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### Editorial.

#### THE PRESENT NUMBER.

We regret much the delay in the issue of the present and of the last number of the Banner; it has arisen from some contemplated changes in regard to its management. As these have not been consummated, former arrangements will be continued until the meeting of Synod, when, we hope, such measures will be taken as will tend greatly to increase the value of the publication, and its usefulness as a representative and organ of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and as an auxiliary to true religion generally, and especially to the great cause of the conversion of the heathen to the LORD JESUS CHRIST.

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#### DAY OF FASTING.

It will be remembered, we hope, by all our churches, that the 26th day of the present month (February) has been appointed to be observed in all our churches as a day of fasting and humiliation. So manifold are the evils of the times, and so deeply must all who love truth, and righteousness, and GOD lament them, that we do not doubt there will be a general and suitable observance of the day. If such should be the case,—if sins, national, ecclesiastical, social and personal are sincerely acknowledged and truly repented of;—if pardon is earnestly implored and reformation firmly determined on, may it not be hoped that threatened and deserved judgments will be averted, and times of refreshing come to us from the presence of the LORD?

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#### OREGON.

We have recently received an interesting letter from Oregon, giving an account of the condition of that distant though important part of our country, and earnestly urging that a missionary should be sent thither. We design to publish some extracts from it in our next; and in the mean time express the hope that the contemplated mission to our Pacific coast will not be regarded as abandoned, but that some may offer to go thither, and that the prayers and contributions of the church may accompany their consecration to so good and great an undertaking. The influence which will be exerted *now* will tell powerfully on the most remote ages and the most distant lands.

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#### FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The letters recently received from India are full of encouragement. The leaven appears to be spreading among the native population, and soon the whole mass will be leavened. The accounts given of the state of feeling at Pahassu are most cheering. Who will not remember this subject in prayer? "As the new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not, for a

blessing is in it," so may we find that the great Head of the church declares respecting the developments of divine grace displayed in the village of Pahassu. Let prayer be made continually, and the blessing will be given.

#### CONTRIBUTIONS TO FOREIGN MISSIONS.

It is truly cheering to find that our respected treasurer acknowledges so large a sum as received during the past month for foreign missions. But yet there should be *much more*. If *some* have done so well, why cannot *all* do *equally* well. It is gratifying to find that so many congregations have responded to the call made by the Board; but yet there are *some* from whom nothing has been received. Is it merely a delay for some more fitting occasion, or have they resolved that they will do nothing, although CHRIST says, "Freely ye have received, freely give?" The latter we can scarcely suppose to be the case with any Christian professors,—while the former is likely to lead to the same practical result, and should not be allowed. Ere another number is issued, all, we hope, will have been heard from, and the universal response will enable us to say that *every congregation in the Reformed Presbyterian Church gives something for foreign missions*. Which will be the congregation that will prevent this from being the case with us? Let any one which has not yet contributed resolve that it shall not be owing to its delinquency that our church cannot be said to have done its duty.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

##### GENERAL FUND.

Rev. Robert J. Black's congregation, collection as ordered,.....	\$ 5 73
Fifth Reformed Presbyterian do do do .....	10 40
Rev. A. W. Black's do do do .....	21 50
Rev. D. J. Patterson's do do do .....	6 00
Rev. Henry Gordon's do do do .....	14 00
Rev. John Nevin's do do do .....	10 00
Second Ref. Presbyterian do N.Y. do do .....	23 00
Rev. H. M'Millan's do do do .....	18 00
Hill Prairie cong., (after sermon by J. S. Scott,) do .....	10 00
Rev. Dr. Wylie's congregation, do do .....	44 00
Rev. Dr. M'Leod's do do do .....	39 00
Donation from Mr. J. S. Scott, licentiate, per J. C. M'M., .....	5 00
Juvenile Miss. Society Eastern Reformed Presbyterian Synod, Ireland, per John M'Vickar, .....	88 82
	<hr/> \$295 45

##### PRESBYTERIAL APPORTIONMENTS.

Western Presbytery, Monmouth congregation, per J. W. Paul, .....	\$ 4 00
Northern do Wm. Mathews, special subscription for 1851, .....	10 00
do do Rev. Dr. M'Leod's congregation, balance for 1851, .....	100 00
Philadelphia do Sabbath School, Fifth Church, Kensington, .....	17 60
do do Rev. Dr. Wylie's Sab. School Missionary Purses for 1851, .....	325 00
do do do do Church Missionary Society, 1852, .....	500 00
Pittsburgh do Rev. Geo. Scott's congregation, 1851, .....	10 00
Ohio do Jno. Sloan, Richland, 1852, .....	10 00
	<hr/> \$976 60

##### SCHOLARSHIP FUND.

Received from Sabbath School of Rev. J. B. Dales' church, on account of support of a scholar, .....	\$10 00
Northern Presbytery, Received from Wm. Mathews, support of Stewart Bates, .....	25 00
	<hr/> \$35 00

##### MISSION RETREAT.

Received from Richland congregation, per J. C. M'Millan, .....	\$3 50
	<hr/> \$ 3 50

Total, \$1310 55

GEO. H. STUART, Treas.



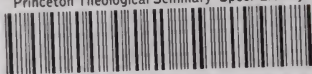
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